Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

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Contents of To-day's Paper.

SPORTING DEPARTMENT—	page	THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT—	page
Trenton (N. J.) Fall Races	402	Things Theatrical for the Week	412
Camden Races—Concluded	"	The Park Operatic Troupe	"
Cincinnati (Ohio) Fall Races	"	Camp Street Theatre, New Orleans	"
Bardstown (Ky.) Fall Races	403	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.	
Gallatin (Tenn.) Fall Races	"	Character of the late Sultan Mahmoud	398
Fayette (Mo.) Fall Races	"	A Reminiscence of the East, from the Confessions of Harry Lorrequer	"
Peoria (Ill.) Fall Races	"	Cartouche, by the Author of the Yellowplush Correspondence	401
Van Buren (Arks.) Fall Races	"	The Rape of the Venetians	400
Beacon Course Trotting	"	MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.	
The Return of "N. of Arkansas"	402	The Otter	399
The Queen's Race at Newmarket	"	The Retired Tradesman	"
Sale of the Blood Stock of the Hon. Balie Peyton	"	Mrs. Higginbottom to the London Argus	"
English Horses	"	Paris Police	398
Intercepted Letter from Col. Pete Whetstone	397	A Hippo-Epic, or Horsi-Heroic Ode	399
Cricket Match	"	AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.	
Notions on Cricket	"	Suspected Glanders	405
Warwick (Eng.) Races	404	A Singular Disease of the Spleen in Cattle	"
Ghent Races; by Sylvanus Swanquill	"		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. C. has been misinformed ab out the agency for Tattersals. They have no authorized agent, known to us, in this country. Address them directly, Hyde Park Corner, London, postage paid. Were it in our power to aid him, we would cheerfully assist, but we have little knowledge of the stock he wishes. The Tattersalls can give all the information necessary, and with more accuracy than any one else.

C. J. He has not yet returned, but is looked for within the fortnight.

We have a report of the late Trotting Meeting over the Kingsbury Course, near Baltimore, cut from the "Chronicle" of that city. It does not agree in the amount of purses, distances, &c. with the advertisement of the Proprietors. On this account it is not published this week. Will the Proprietors, or any sporting friend, inform us if the Chronicle's report be official or authentic.

"A bets B he will place the horses (there are three horses in the race), Boston, Decatur, and Master Henry. A names Boston 1, Decatur 2, Master Henry DRAWN; this bet is made *the night before the race.*—Boston is first in the race, Decatur 2d, and Master Henry *is drawn, before coming on to the course in fact he does not show at all.* How is this to be decided?"

This question is put for the general reader; we therefore do not decide it, although we have no doubt in our own mind.

"If one party scores honors when they are not entitled to them, or scores more than they ought for tricks, have not their adversaries, if they notice it before the next deal a right to take them down, and add it to their own score? Hoyle does not mention any thing on this point, only in case of revoking."

We do not personally know ef any usage to authorize adding to the score of those who may detect the error.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1839.

INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

FLINT ISLAND, on the Ohio River, Oct. 9th, 1839.

Dear Jim,—I know you are grumbling because I havent writ, but the thing jist so,—I have been expecting to start every day and thought it was no use. Well, I have had a heap of fun, and I do reckon saw jist about as great races at Louisville, as have ever been run since Adam was a yearling. I tell you Wagner and Grey Eagle are mortal horses—they travel all the time, and as to picking it up, 'tis mighty like the lick the burnt-offering struck when Pineywood Smith wrung him in on old Mart,—jist twenty-one and the breadth of the hoof, and clawing away like rats a fighting. Old Kentuck is a caution The way her people stand up to her is about right,—a man darsent say turkey 'gin Grey Eagle, or he was bound to catch it where Jim Spence shot the wild cat—right under the burr of the ear. You know what I writ about Old Boston,—well, I still stick to it, and say publicly and above board, that I think he can beat all the world, yet I rather reckon he couldent mere nor make his bread corn off Wagner. Grey Eagle is all horse, and if he was well and sound to-day, and old Col. Johnson had the handling of him, and Gil. sat on his back. my money dident go agin him at dollar for dollar. He would have walked through the world, the tall horse of the western country, if he hadent have come across Old Wagner. He was hard to conquer,—for, like the fight 'twixt Dan Looney's sharp tooth and the panter on the lower fork, it was for a long time so good and so good. Wagner got him at last, but it was a tight fit and he won only by the skin of his teeth. Jist think of 7:48—7:44—on Monday. and on Saturday flinging it up in 7:51—7:43. The last mile was done in 1:48.

Ralph is a crowder—he belongs to Walker Thurston. Well, now, some ow or other they talk hard about Walker, yet I hearn more nor twenty say they knew nothing wrong of him—only, "the people say so." He has nothing about his looks that seems wrong. I saw nothing foul in him, and I rather guess some people abuse him that aint as good as he is. They don't hardly give him a fair shake in some parts of Old Kentuck.

Cub is a jewel. She come to the stand, mouth open, and rider swinging, in 3:46—3:44, [I think]. *Telamon* is a caution. He is big and overgrown, but he has foot and game,—and sarn me to the sarneds, if I should be surprised to see him going low down into the 7:40's next year.—Old Billy McCargo was, there. He had nothing but Old Missouri fit to run for sour cider. He says the climate is almighty hard on horses from abroad. He raked the corn down twice with Old *Missouri*,—she got down into 3:44. But that is a cruel fast track—it is a mile—a good fat mile, but then it is fixed so nice, and is sich good ground, that I almost think Old Boston and Wagner would fling it deep in the thirties.

Them Kentucky racers are cut the right way of the leather, and friendlier people aint to be found this side of the Devil's Fork. Most of them live close to the Forks of Elk-horn, and I reckon in four miles of Frankfort, they can start 50 race horses. Paddy Burns is a rare bird, and when he talks of the "Curry-kill-dare," all you have to do is to stand back and listen. He believes strong in "*Sydney*," and when "Sydney's" nags fall "P. Burns" falls with them.

I went up to the Lexington races, but I was sick with chills and fevers, and couldent enjoy myself much. But the way they are polite and kind to strangers is about right. They have a fine track and are improving it every year. The Louisville Jockey Club is very large and very respectable, and they do things on the very tallest scale. The President of it is one of the politest, most agreeable, and gentlemanly men ever I come across, and any thing over which he presides is bound to prosper.

I suppose you want to hear something about the pretty gals. Well, Wagner beat Grey Eagle, but all creation can't beat Old Kentuck for nice and pretty women. Lord! but it would have done you good to hear them shout when Grey Eagle came out ahead the first heat. It was like soft thunder in the prairie. And then to see them when poor Grey Eagle let down. It was a sorrowful sight,—and if any man had jist got up and said, he wasent sorry, why he would have had to gone out of Old Kentuck to hunt for a wife. They go the *entire*, and with them, it is, "if you love me, you must love my horse, my dog, and every thing that is old Kentuck." Well, arter all, it is a noble trait, and though I think they "pile the agony a little too high" sometimes, yet I couldent help feeling that if I wasent a son of Old Virginny, I'd give all I had, to have been born in Old Kentuck.

Louisville is a nice place, and it is going ahead right smart, although money is so *skase*. They have built two splendid churches,—and that makes me jist think about writing you that I have seen Maffit, and hearn him preach. He is a slick fellow; and I tell you he is awful flowery. He talks all about "putty gals," and "bright stars," and "gentle moon" He says some people are too ugly to be loved. Well, that is my way of thinking, but some how or other I dident think he ought to say it. I reckon maybe he was thinking of the gal on the "cony fork," whose eyes opened like window-shutters. He is mighty mad about Parsons going back to the theatre, and says "the devil will be sure to git him, but then he won't have him, for the devil's a gentleman,"—well, this is the first time I ever heard him called a gentleman. Maffit is a great man in his way, and he has a mighty way of making converts. The women carry him *nosegays*, and *great dobs of 'lasses candy.*

Well, my paper is almost gin out and I must stop. I can't say when I'll git home, for here we are at the foot of Flint Island fast aground on the De Kalb. The Col. Wood is ditto, at the head of the Island,—so with love to Sal and her child, and the rest on 'em, I am your friend, PETE WHETSTONE.

Jim Cole, Esq., Devil's Fork, of Little Red, Arkansas.

CRICKET MATCH.

On Tuesday last we had the pleasure of seeing played the Anniversary Match of the "New York Cricket Club," at the Club's ground, near 42d street. An official report of the match we shall publish next week, and can do little more here than express our gratification at the sport. What can be done to naturalize this beautiful game in America? It is a passion with gentlemen in the "old country," and is one of those manly, athletic games, which should be encouraged the world over. There are several cricket clubs, we understand, in the Canadas; would they offer our Club a match, it would arouse attention to the game, and we should certainly have good sport. On Tuesday we saw some very fine batting, and gentlemen in Canada will be able to "get on" all their loose change by offering us a trial of skill.

In the last number of the "Old Sporting Magazine" we find a paper on Cricket, which may not be uninteresting to our English readers in this country, for whom expressly it is copied into our columns. To give the reports of all the English matches from "Bell's Life" would hardly be just to our American readers, so voluminous are those reports; but would it result in creating a taste for Cricket here, we could not employ our columns more usefully.

NOTIONS ON CRICKET.

The Cricket Season has come, and, at least as far as its great metropolitan field of action—Lord's—is concerned, has gone—"all its glories past," so briefly that one can scarcely believe they have existed. What a world of delight is contained in that miniature globe, a cricket ball! Well hit, it goes off from the bat like a thunder-bolt, far, far eclipsing in speed the swiftest steam-coach on a railway, that admirable invention of modern times, by which the people of this age enjoy the privilege of being able to journey from Pole to Pole, (*barring* their necks are not broke by the way), without the slightest possible advantage either to body or mind! Repair to Lord's say we, repair to Lord's, all you that can, to play; and those who cannot play, to learn; and those who could once do the trick, but whose joints are now stiff with age, to awake reminiscences of past delights: to Lord's, where the finest air within the same distance of St. Paul's is perhaps to be enjoyed. Whilst but too many of the fields and green spots around our Babylon, erst the retreat of shepherds and shepherdesses, are now the haunt of blackguards and blackguardesses, *here* still meet the *élite* of town and country! This far-famed ground, as well as the noble game to which it is dedicated, seems, however, destined to perpetual changes, which are not *always* improvements. The present season has brought more transformations. The tavern, dining-rooms, stables, &c., have been new-fronted and enlarged, and, I admit, certainly improved in appearance; but they encroach somewhat on the ground, never too spacious for its main purpose. In the rear of the Pavilion there has been made a thoroughfare for the spectators—another improvement, as it enables equestrians to pass behind instead of before the watchers of the game, although I am not certain whether these centaurs might not advantageously be altogether excluded from cricket grounds.—There are somewhat too many benches allowed, which, with a little shed, apparently the habitation of some deer lately added to the "ground," frequently obstruct the fieldsmen, and stop runs, being thus disadvantageous alike to in and out sides.

Whilst on this subject, I may perhaps be allowed to suggest that the regulations respecting runs *allowed* for balls touching certain boundaries in the ground should be made more generally understood. A mistake on this head might occasion the loss of a game. In a late Match, (Sussex and Nottingham against England), Mr. Alfred Mynn, being in with another very excellent bat, who on that occasion played in more than one sense with his usual *felicity*, lost two runs by the latter gentleman's supposing four to be *allowed* for a hit down to the *house* (which was not the case), and thus delaying to start till too late to secure more than half the number from a very bad hit, which floored a pot of beer on a table, and created much merriment, driving the crowd hither and thither like a shell in the midst of a military throng.

To return to my strictures. A ground sacred to the noble game should not be profaned by ordinary cockney assemblages, and ballooning, and other work of the like nature, which can be carried on as well elsewhere. Sheep, moreover, are the only quadrupeds fit for cricket fields: horses and pony-racing are better away. A cricket-ground should be as flat as *table* beer, a name which our brewers most appropriately employ when they would describe the produce of the *ne plus ultra* of their art, as shown in removing from malt liquors any harmful inequalities tending to any corresponding elevation of animal spirits.* The *game itself* might well be compared (had I leisure for the task) to other more generous liquors: exhilirating and exciting is it, like Champagne; beneficial, cordial, and fortifying to the system even as Port; or shall we liken it for its infinite variety to that nectarious compound of all that is exquisite in beverage, the old-fashioned punch so graphically described by John Nyren in his *Cricketers' Tutor*.

I have on former occasions said that I do not think cricket generally improved by modern innovation, nor do the players, gentle or simple, strike me as quite so fine-looking and manly a race as they were from fifteen years ago upwards till we lose the names and description of its practitioners. But of all changes and degeneracy, real or supposed, was there ever any thing like that of the weather? What shall we say of this season? What can have happened to that good old gentleman the Sun? Has he, like fools upon earth cast off his good steeds, and ventured his drag on a railway on which the engines will not act? Time was, Mr. Editor, when he was wont to set the round table of the world in one universal grin; but now he remains lost in maudlin sadness, or, at the best, after a few wretched attempts at pleasantry, relapses again into abstraction and gloom. However, we deserve his absence for our worshipping of gas and other abominations, our neglect of nature, and our literally and metaphorically loving darkness rather than light. To speak in the plainest English, not only has the season been cloudy, but wet in the extreme: one of the worst of twelve successive bad ones, rain fell in torrents, but the players, to do them justice, paid or unpaid, went gamely and hardily through their work, scorning showers of any ordinary description, as if they had all belonged to that toughest sept of Highlanders, the clan MACINTOSH, whose hides, as I am credibly informed, have been destined by their patriotic Chief to protect the sensitive skins of effeminate Southrons—a process by the way, if true, quite as humane and considerate as the forced emigration of tens of thousands of their brethren (a most valuable race of men) to gratify the heartless avarice of other Lairds and Thanes.

Several of the older players of last year were absent this season from the scene of their most celebrated triumphs. Jem Broadbridge, for the first time, I should imagine, for these eighteen years at least, (with the exception, perhaps, of the season of 1826), was altogether a stranger at Lord's, perhaps even as a spectator. The senior Beazley, another excellent veteran, was not apparent. Marsden, the pride of Yorkshire, did not shew, although, with all his faults, by far the most effective, if not the most scientific batsman the North ever sent forth. Many of the best of the unpaid did not exhibit in the Great Matches, although several of them have played, and played well, on other occasions, and some, as Mr. Kynaston for instance, never so well. Several excellent *players*, moreover, though still at work, and ably too, nearer home, were not brought up to town. I shall mention, particularly, Richard Mills, although no picked Eleven of England should exclude this man, a much better one altogether than ever the North produced. Of his brother George I do not think as highly, although he was loaded with unmerited obloquy some years ago on the ground of which I am speaking by some who should have known better. The wilful disturbance of players, new, perhaps, to the ground, by disagreeably calling to, or, what is as bad, talking loudly *at* them, is not only an unmanly, but, rightly considered, an unfair practice, and should be promptly checked, whatever may be the rank of the party indulging in it I recollect Sir St. Vincent Cotton doing this in a very spirited manner a few years back, silencing, for a time, the annoying *chaffing* (for the practice is precisely that of the worst members of the boxing ring in its worst days when engaged as seconds) of a person who was then a disgrace to the Marylebone Club.

To return, Mr. C. Taylor, nominally, and perhaps actualty, a gentleman of Sussex, has worked himself up into the first rank of hitters. I am sorry, however, that it has never been my fortune to see him play on those occasions when he has added much to the score. In this respect he is something like Washington Irving's stout gentleman to me, though the comparison is not very close, for I *have* seen him play, though not his best; nor is he in himself a stout gentleman, but spare and thin, and barely of the middle height. He is a very young man, and might well pass for a year or two more juvenile than he really is. He has scarcely been so successful, however, this year as for the last season or two.—Sewell, known a few years back only as a tolerable bowler and a very civil man, has improved surprisingly as a general player. His effective but steady hitting and good fielding have been on several occasions exceedingly conspicuous. In a grand Match already alluded to, he fairly carried off the honors of the day from all comers. The Match in question (Sussex and Notts *v.* England) was rather remarkable for incidents illustrating the fortune of war. Clifford (one of the best men now in Kent) was so much hurt when in as to be obliged to retire from the field till the conclusion of the innings of his party—a circumstance not of very frequent occurrence, but no wonder, for the unlucky fellow had been hit three times in the leg on or near the same spot. A cricket-ball is not so deadly as a cannon-ball, nevertheless a flush hit from one of these missiles on the shin or ankle, when the projectile is impelled by a fast bowler or slashing hitter, is somewhat more than a joke. It comes home to every man's feelings, and abideth, it may be, some time in his memory. Clifford, however, though possibly like his namesake celebrated by Shakspeare* he might "repent in *boot*less penitence" (for a pair of those useful advantages to the inferior man might have saved him), was not destined like the same worthy to "ask mercy and obtain no grace," for, as we have seen, he did obtain it, nor had he any reason to "devise excuses for (his) faults," for he is really a very good workman at this truly "gentle craft." The issue of this game need not have excited surprise, seeing that the best fielding, and all (it may be said) the hitting were on the side of England, of which party almost every man was also a bowler above mediocrity. They might have changed (if necessary) continually without mischief. The other side has, indeed, most excellent bowlers, but not in so great a variety. Wenman, when promising well, lost his wicket by rashness: he has since retrieved his fame, and has played this season as well if not better than ever. Pilch got very cleverly bowled out by Lilywhite; he has hardly been so lucky as we have seen him, but appears in excellent preservation, and as the upset musical coach-traveller congratulated himself that his *G* was safe, so may Fuller Pilch boast that he has not lost his native dialect from his sojourn in Kent.

The Match of the Gentlemen against the Players this year was, or would have been if it had been played out, as hollow a thing in favor of the professionals as it has almost always been. It never can be fairly a Match when the numbers and wickets are equal and the strength of each party are really brought into the field; nothing in such a case can give victory to the Gentlemen but mere accident, or an alternative which we will not suppose possible amongst the present generation of cricketers—a generation of whom, if I am correct in thinking the paid portion inferior (as players) to their fathers, I still do not think the Gentlemen *comparatively* superior, although, perhaps, the very best man now in practice is amongst their number. I allude, as my readers will probably surmise, to Mr. Alfred Mynn. If, then, the Gentlemen have not become comparatively better than the paid players, how can they be positively so, since they never could approach them formerly?

In turning over the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788, I lately accidentally stumbled on a curious passage respecting the game under discussion, from which it appears that in the wardrobe account of Edward the Second (A. D. 1300) is this item:—"Domino Iohanni de Leek, capellano Domini Edwardi fil', ad creag' et alios ludos per rices, per manus proprias apud Westm. 10 die Aprilis 100*s*."

The writer who mentions this observes that the variation of *creag* from an old Saxon word signifying a game played with a crooked club and ball (formerly mentioned in your Magazine as probably the origin of our present sport) is not great, nor, considering the lapse of time, can *cricket* be thought a remarkable corruption of either. He therefore concludes it probable, of the sport of cricket, "that almost 500 years ago it was nearly so denominated, and that then it was a favorite pastime with the Prince of Wales. Nor is it unlikely but that John de Leek, His Highness's Chaplain, might be his playfellow."†

The latter supposition is by no means unlikely, as there have been and are still in our more sedentary age many members of John de Leek's profession who have proved themselves admirable cricketers. I may perhaps be tempted to take a retrospective glance at the comparative merits of players of different callings on a future occasion.

T. R. H.

* I venture to surmise that the beer on the table, just mentioned as having be capsised by Mr. Mynn, was not of this description, although historians have not recorded the fact.

* Henry VI., Part III., Act 2.

† Mr. Barrington has suggested, that in a Proclamation of Edward III., A. D. 1363, Cricket is alluded to under two Latin words, denoting the ball and bat sport, as also in a Statute of 17 Edward IV., A. D. 1577, by the pas time of *handyn* and *handout*, as the term of *hands* is still retained in that game.

"*Earl Rupert, and other Tales and Poems.*" By JAMES NACK. New York: George Adland, 168 Broadway.

This is a remarkable work, in more than one point of view. The perfection of its rhyme and rhythm, as coming from the pen of a deaf and dumb person, is truly surprising. The melody of his versification would do credit to many a poet; while in beauty of imagery, and force of expression, he is altogether respectable. His prose sketches—of which the volume contains several—are very clever satires;—quite the thing for a man to shake his sides over. Among them we remark particularly the chapters on "Law Proceedings," and the quotations from "The Banner of Truth;" while of the poems, his rendering of "The Bell Song," and "The Romance of the Ring," strike us most favorably.

Shakspeare and his Friends, or "the Golden Age" of merry England. 3 vols. 12 mo Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

We can but announce the title of this work, much as we have longed all the week to dip into it. It has been noticed by several editors, but in a manner so ambiguous, that we have not yet been able to learn the manner or method of the work; the reader is therefore referred to the book itself.

☞ *Exchange no Robbery.*—One day, as the Count de Soissons was at play, he perceived, in a mirror that hung before him, a man behind his chair, whom he resolved to observe attentively. Soon after he felt him cut off the diamond buckle of his hat; he said not a word, but pretending to want something, he turned towards the sharper, and begged him to hold his cards. The count procured the sharpest knife he could get, which he hid under his cloak, and entered the room. The sharper, impatient to escape, rose to return the cards, but the count begged him to continue. In a few minutes after he came softly behind him, seized one of his ears and cut it off; when holding it out to him, he said, "Here, sir, restore my buckle, and I will restore your ear."

CHARACTER OF THE LATE SULTAN MAHMOUD.

Mahmoud II. was the first Sultan who ever threw off the trammels of Turkish ignorance and prejudice, which, notwithstanding his efforts, have ultimately caused the present degradation of the Ottoman empire. Suddenly called to fill the throne of a falling kingdom, he made effort to stay its ruin—some characterized by a fearful energy, which nothing but the habitually bloody policy of the East could palliate, but many of which he had the plea of desperate necessity to justify. As suddenly called away by death, he has left it in a state of uncertainty, in which its ultimate destiny must depend on the conduct of its professing allies.

In his person the late Sultan exhibited at different times very different aspects. He was not well made; his body exceeded the proportion of his legs, and when he stood he appeared rather a deformed man. He was seldom, however, seen in that position. When he appeared in public he was always on horseback, and at an audience where he received foreign ambassadors he sat. He then looked a man of fine person and athletic make, without any want of symmetry in his limbs. His countenance was handsome, with a high forehead, and dark piercing eyes, which, when he was excited, exhibited a fearful expression. He then seldom looked full in the face of the person whom he addressed, but rolled his eyes in such a way that the white alone was visible, and cast a portentous glare, to which his known severity and relentless cruelty during the Greek revolution gave a terrible meaning. When the excitement was passed, his countenance assumed a mild and pleasing expression. In his old costume his Oriental dress set off his person to great advantage, while his full black beard gave his face a character altogether in keeping with the rest; but when he partially adopted the Frank dress, there was something very anomalous in his appearance. Over the turban there is always fixed a red cap, called a fez, just covering the top of the scull; he laid aside the turban, but retained the fez. It was, however, no larger than a saucer, and was, therefore, too small to remain in its place, so, to keep it there, he enlarged the border until it came down over his ears, when it appeared singularly undignified, resembling a red nightcap. His flowing Benishe was exchanged for a close frock coat, buttoned tight, over which his black beard floated. He changed the short shovel-shaped stirrup of the East for the long-strapped one of Europe, but his former habit of riding still adhered to him, so that the change of the stirrup made him totter in his saddle, like a man who wanted some support for his feet, while his stooping attitude and tight coat gave him the appearance of being hump-backed. Disliking his new mode of riding, and unwilling to return to the old, he adopted a European carriage as a mode of conveyance, and in order to display it, he drove four in hand every day over the bridge which he built, connecting Pera and Constantinople, and exhibited great dexterity in the management of his horses. His domestic habits were marked by similar changes: he sat on a chair at table, and used a knife and fork; but he dined by himself, and all the dishes were brought to him, one by one, under a locked cover: when opened and tasted by the cook, to prove that they were not poisoned, he tasted them himself, and selecting that which he liked best, dined moderately on it. He violated the law of Mahomet in drinking wine; his favorite beverage was champagne, and he has even been accused of indulging in it to excess. He amused himself with the peurile pleasure of making it explode, and watching the cork, followed by the sparkling liquor, shoot towards the ceiling.

He altogether disregarded the Mahomedan prejudice against making a likeness; he was fond of having his picture drawn, and was careful in asking the artist to whom he was sitting, what particular feature he was copying, in order that he might compose it as he thought most becoming. When he liked a portrait, he made it a present to a European ambassador, and was gratified when one of them complimented him, by telling him that the ladies of his court in Europe would fall in love with the original. In his family he was not an austere or cruel man; on the contrary, in the very tempest of his passion, during the Greek and Janissary insurrections, he retired from the excitement of politics to his domestic circle, and was seen playing with his children, like Henry IV. of France. The eldest of them died, and his enemies reported that his father caused his death, lest the Janissaries should place him on the throne; but it is now known he died of the small-pox; and his father, anxious to preserve the rest, had the present Sultan and his brothers and sisters vaccinated by a Frank physician. His good sense at once showed him the superiority of European practice, and in any ailment he sent for a Frank doctor in preference to a Turkish hakim. The physician to the English embassy was thus called in to the seraglio, he found his young patient laboring under a severe jaundice, in a chamber hung round with yellow satin. His father was so affected with the change of color in the child, that he could not bear to look at him; so the attendant took this precaution to reduce every other object in the room to the same color, that he might not so much remark it. For his marriageable daughters, the Princesses Merimeh and Sahileh, who had been most carefully educated, he selected two of the most distinguished and estimable men of his court, and however cruel and vindictive to strangers, showed, that in all that concerned his own family, the greatest fondness and discrimination.

Though he had conquered many of his oriental prejudices and superstitions, and was daily overcoming more, there were some to which he clung to the hour of his death. He was strongly addicted to astrology, and consulted the Monegin Bashi, or chief astrologer, on all events of his life, whether frivolous or important;—the lucky day for commencing any undertaking—the lucky hour for entering or leaving the seraglio—were carefully registered; and among the gifts which he sent to the Emperor of Russia by his son-in-law, Halil Pacha, were two hundred and forty talismans of miraculous virtue. His views in other respects were so liberal, as to create a suspicion of an intention to abjure Islamism, and embrace Christianity. He ordered all the Christian churches which had been destroyed by the Turks, at the commencement of the Greek revolution, to be repaired; and rebuilt thirty-six Armenian and twenty nine Greek places of worship in the capital. He even permitted new ones to be erected—an indulgence rarely or never allowed by his predecessors, from the time Mahomet II. divided the places of worship then existing between the Moslem and the Christian. He allotted large sums of money to the erection of schools, and sometimes had processions of all the children, of every religion, walking through the city, headed by their masters, like the children of St. Paul's in London. These, and similar indulgences, were all adduced as proofs of his inclination, and so sanguine were the Greeks, that every incident was conceived as a proof of his intention to change his religion. Crosses were seen in the air over Santa Sophia and intimated that he, like another Constantine, was about to be converted, and restore the mosque to its original worship. Christian emblems were discerned in the flags flying over his head, and he built his new palace at Istavros, the City of the Cross. These "trifles light as air," are hardly worth a notice, but it is not improbable that, had he lived, the light of the gospel would have shone on his enquiring mind, where it had probably dawned, and he would finally have adopted the religion, as he had the military and civil institutions of Europe.

With respect to his reforms, many attempts have been made to derogate from their merits. It has not been considered that he was not an European, born among the lights and knowledge of the western world, and attempting his improvements on a people already prepared, and willing to receive them; but he was a Turk, born and educated in the seclusion, ignorance, and prejudice of a seraglio, and had never travelled out of his own country, to see the improvements of other states. The people he had to reform were Turks, more ignorant, obstinate, and prejudiced than any other nation; who thought themselves the perfection of human nature, and that any change must be for the worse; who, therefore, defended to the death, their old usages, and compelled him to carry every alteration at the hazard of his life. His views, therefore, must have been the intuition of a vigorous and capacious mind; and his carrying them into execution, the intrepid determination of a deep conviction. His merits will be better appreciated by giving a brief sketch of what he actually effected.

His army had been a mere undisciplined rabble; every man dressed according to his own choice, and generally acted as seemed good in his own eyes. They were seldom seen or recognized; they were shut up in kislas, or barracks, from whence they issued to fulfil an order of despotism; and having filled some place with blood and carnage, they again disappeared, like some mysterious agents, who were only known by the destruction they caused. When they were on a march they wandered straggling, like a common mob, dressed in dirty drab jackets, and distinguished as soldiers only by their tophecs. He formed them into regular regiments, dressed in regular uniforms, and armed with muskets and bayonets. They were daily paraded, disciplined, and attended by European bands of music. Trifles mark the difficulties to be surmounted in effecting this change. The soldiers were provided with caps instead of turbans, and shoes instead of slippers; and to render both more convenient and military, the first were furnished with shades to keep off the sun, and the soldiers were given brushes to polish the second. The cap was rejected, because the Koran requires that every man should prostrate himself in prayer, by touching his forehead to the ground, which the sun-shade prevented; and the brushes were refused, because they were made of the bristles of a hog, and the hair of an unclean animal they were not allowed to touch: nor was it till pigs were common in the streets of Constantinople, that the soldiers overcame this rejudice.

Of all the privileges Turks arrogate to themselves, that of making and keeping slaves was the most important in their eyes, founded on notions of their own superiority, and the immemorial usage of the East. Their military expeditions were undertaken in the hopes that captives should become the domestic slaves and property of their conquerors, and reducing to slavery the whole surviving population of Scio, had been the inducement and reward of those who engaged in that sanguinary expedition. To the astonishment of Europe, he issued a firmaun, that the captives should be restored to their liberty, and sums of money were given to defray the expenses of their journey home. This is the first instance of the kind in the annals of Turkey, and may be considered the commencement of the abolition of slavery in that empire.

The barbarous practice of foreign ambassadors bringing presents as a kind of tribute to the Sultan; of clothing, washing, and feeding them when they were presented; and sending them to the seven towers, when they offended the Porte, was abolished, and the representatives of majesty were received and treated by a brother sovereign without arrogance or pretension, and with the urbanity of the most civilized and polite states of Europe.

The medical art was in the lowest state of degradation. To dissect a man for a *post mortem* examination of the cause of his death—much more, to open a human body, to examine its structure—was held impious and sacrilegious, and a defilement to such a degree, that the man was unclean who even touched a corpse. If a thief had swallowed a diamond, to conceal it, and was known to die with it in his stomach, the law expressly forbade the opening of the body, to extract the jewel. Even plates, representing the parts of the human frame, were prohibited, as idolatrous. The late Sultan first caused an anatomical work to be printed at the press at Scutari, with accurate plates of the human figure, and established a school of medicine, in which it was used; and, as no hakim in his dominions could be found capable of lecturing, he appointed a French physician to give demonstrations, and directed the Hakim Bashi, or state physician to attend them. He even sanctioned dissection; but the still inveterate prejudice of the Turks would not suffer them to profit by it.

He founded another college for the study of European languages. Formerly, the office of interpreter to the Divan had been always filled by a Greek: but when the insurrection commenced, and Morousi was beheaded, none of his countrymen would be trusted. Yet, so inflexible had been the pride that forbad the Turk to speak the tongue of the infidel, not one Mussulman could be found fit to fill the office, and it was conferred upon a Jew. Mahmoud, however, overcame this prejudice, and there are now many Turks able to converse freely with Franks, in their own language. Though he could not speak any western language himself, he spoke and wrote Persian, which is the French of the east, with the greatest ease and elegance, and understood his own language so perfectly, that his firmauns, which he generally wrote with his own hand, are considered models of correctness in Turkish composition.

Precaution against infectious diseases was another thing to which the Turks were strongly opposed. They would not even allow prayers to be offered up in the mosques, to stop a pestilence, lest they should seem to repine at the acts of Allah. The frightful ravages of the ever-enduring plague, consequently, became the terror of all Europe, and the other states were obliged to draw a sanitory cordon of, perhaps, 10,000 miles round the Ottoman empire, to protect themselves against this awful endemic of the Turks. Mahmoud broke through this absurd prejudice, and obtained from the English government at Malta, a plan for a Lazaretto, and an intelligent officer was sent to carry it into effect.—It will, probably, when completed, be the most perfect in Europe. In a similar manner, he overcame the prejudices against the treatment of cholera, and completely eradicated those against vaccination, by setting the example of its practice in his own family.

There is, in fact, scarcely a single art which his improvements did not touch upon. Not content with changing the dress of his subjects, he improved the architecture of their houses, also, and, for this purpose, he afforded an excellent model in the new palace which he erected on the Bosphorus, where, instead of projecting eves, with fantastic clusters of wooden cupolas and minarets, enclosing an inconvenient mass of gloomy chambers, always darkened with dense blinds, the stranger sees a superb and cheerful structure, in the most elegant style of Grecian architecture. This example is daily followed in tha other Turkish edifices. But still more striking than the change in the form of their houses is the alteration he introduced in the treatment of their female inmates. He is the only Sultan who ever relaxed the strict privacy to which oriental jealousy confined the females of the harem; and so far had his generous views on this subject, so opposed to all the most cherished and peculiar prejudices of a Turk, advanced, that two years before his death, on the opening of a bridge between Constantinople and Pera, at which the chief officers of his court were present, the females of the seraglio also appeared in their carriages, gaily dresed, to assiste at the fete,

His political reforms were equally as numerous, and, perhaps, more difficult, because he had to contend with power as well as prejudice. His predecessors abstained from all contact with the people, as weakening that awful and mysterious respect with which they wished to be surrounded. He began with the Divan: instead of sending his commands in writing, he came and sat among the members, and invited certain bodies to send deputies to consult on the public business, so that his divan began to bear some remote resemblance to a popular assembly.

At the feast of the Bairam, every Pacha in the empire used to be changed.—A thousand horses stood at the gate of the seraglio, with Tartars ready mounted, to carry orders to them; and they were seen riding in all directions, like the Fates and Furies, the arbiters of destiny, bearing mandates for death or deposition. The cupidity of the Porte originated this custom, as every change of Pachas was a source of revenue—each new governor paying for his appointment. This system was abolished. The Sultan ordered that no officer should be changed, except for delinquency, or incapacity, and the new one should be appointed, not for money, but for merit. All the officers of the seraglio were considered slaves. They had originally been so, and, as such, incapable of holding any property of their own. When they died, therefore, it all reverted to their master, the Sultan. This, like the former, was the cause of great evil, as the avarice of the monarch constantly caused the death of the minister, that he might the sooner come into his inheritance. Mahmoud relinquished this claim also, and the Sultan is no longer the heir of executed men in office, and so, has no sordid motive for their execution.

The old Turkish system was so far republican in spirit, that, generally speaking, rank and titles were merely personal, and no man had any hereditary claim to them. There were, however, certain families in Asia, who held Zains or Timariots, feudal tenures, for which they gave their own services, and those of their vassals, when called upon. These Ayans or Deré Beys, abused their power, as other "lords of the valleys" had done, in the darker ages of Europe, and became, with few exceptions, the petty tyrants of their respective districts. Mahmoud determined to have no tyrant in his empire but himself; so, he broke through these feudal rights, and reduced the petty despots to the level of his other subjects.

The corps of the Ulemah, or men of the law, were the greatest objects he had to contend with, because they were the most influential body in directing the opinions of the people. The Turks, lik the ancient Hebrews, blended together their civil and religious code, and the precepts of the Koran were, with them, as inviolable as those of the Pentateuch with the Jews, both being founded by the respective people on divine authority. The Ulemah were the great expounders of this code, and combined the offices of the priesthood and the magistracy. They were in strict league with the Janissaries, opposing every attempt to enlighten the venerable ignorance of the Moslem, as likely to weaken their own authority: and, on all such occasions, they put forward the Janissaries as their agents. By striking the tremendous blow at the latter, Mahmoud cut off the right hand of the former, deprived them of their means of resistance, and left them nearly powerless.

But the greatest and most important of his reforms is, perhaps one of the last. One cause of the barbarity of the Turks was the utter ignorance in which they were kept They never travelled abroad to visit other countries, see their usages, and profit by their improvements; nor had they any means of learning them from written accounts. They were not only ignorant of what was passing in other places, but knew little of events at home. To enlighten them in the most effectual manner, and bring useful knowledge to every man's door, he established a newspaper, which was printed in the capital, in Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and French, for the different nations that compose the population, and in order that its influence might be still more extensive, he ordered every Pacha to take a certain number of copies, and circulate them through his pachalick.—These papers are now taken in the coffee-houses, and the Turk, instead of devoting his whole attention to figments of story-tellers, is instructed in the realities of life at home and abroad, and has laid before him every passing event, every useful information, every thing new in art, science, and literature.

Such is a brief and very imperfect sketch of some of the improvements of this extraordinary man, in the almost hopeless state of his native country. It has been objected that he wasted his energies on trifles, which should have been directed to more important objects, that he roused the opposition of prejudices which he ought rather to have yielded to, and attempted that reformation in a short space of a few years, which it would require centuries to complete. This might be applicable to other countries but not to his. To a Turk every thing is important. The example of Peter the Great in the adjoining country seems to have been his model. His laws about dress were not more frivolous than Peter's about beards, or the English parliament's about breeches, or Elizabeth's about the length of coats; and the alteration he effected in twenty-nine years in Turkey, was not more rapid than that which his great prototype effected in Russia in a less space of time. Death cut off both these extraordinary men in the midst of their career. The reforms of the Czar continued after his decease; it is doubtful whether those of the sultan will long survive himself. "An Amurath may not an Amurath succeed," and the son of Mahmoud may not resemble his father. Of this he has already displayed some intention. Rigidly adhering to the law of the prophet, he has begun to revoke every improvement that seemed to infringe on it. He has thrown into the Bosphorus his father's beautiful service of glass, as connected with forbidden wine, and has even, it is said, abolished the quarantine as an impious attempt to evade the decrees of Allah; but it is nevertheless the duty and interest of civilized Europe to adopt him as one of their family, and cherish him in his father's spirit of improvement. He is a mere youth of seventeen; and on the conduct of his western allies perhaps depends his fate—whether he shall tread in his father's steps, and raise his subjects to a rank of equality with European Christians, or he and they together fall before the inordinate power of their northern neighbours, and become the subjects of a people, the immense mass of whom are more barbarous than themselves.

Dublin University Magazine.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE EAST.

[From the Confessions of Harry Lorrequer.]

Our countrymen, English and Irish, travel so much now a days, that one ought never to feel surprised at finding them them any where. The instance I am about to relate will verify to a certain extent the fact, by showing that no situation is too odd or too unlikely to be within the verge of calculation.

When the 10th foot, to which I then belonged, were at Corfu, I obtained, with three other officers, a short leave of absence, to make a hurried tour of the Morea, and take a passing glance at Constantinople—in those days much less frequently visited by travellers than at present.

After rambling pleasantly about for some weeks, we were about to return, when we determined that before sailing we should accept an invitation some officers of the "Dwarf" frigate then stationed there had given us, to pass a day at Pera, and *pic-nic* in the mountain.

One fine bright morning was therefore selected—a most apetizing little dinner being carefully packed up—we set out, a party of fourteen, upon our excursion.

The weather was glorious, and the scene far finer than any of us had anticipated—the view from the mountain extending over the entire city, gorgeous in the rich colouring of its domes and minarets; while, at one side, the golden horn was visible, crowded with ships of every nation, and, at the other, a glimpse might be had of the sea of Marmora, blue and tranquil as it lay beneath. The broad bosom of the Bosphorus was sheeted out like a map before us—peaceful, yet bustling with life and animation. Here lay the union-jack of old England, floating beside the lilies of France—we speak of times when lilies were and barricades were not—the tall and tapering spars of a Yankee frigate towering above the low timbers and heavy hull of a Dutch schooner—the gilded poop and curved galleries of a Turkish three-decker, anchored beside the raking mast and curved deck of a suspicious looking craft, whose red-capped and dark-visaged crew needed not the naked creese at their sides to bespeak them Malays.—The whole was redolent of life, and teeming with food for one's fancy to conjure from.

While we were debating upon the choice of a spot for our luncheon, which should command the chief points of view within our reach, one of the party came to inform us that he had just discovered the very thing we were in search of.—It was a small kiosk, built upon a projecting rock that looked down upon the Bosphorus and the city, and had evidently, from the extended views it presented, been selected as a spot to build upon. The building itself was a small octagon, open on every side, and presenting a series of prospects, land and seaward, of the most varied and magnificent kind.

Seeing no one near, nor any trace of habitation, we resolved to avail ourselves of the good taste of the founder; and spreading out the contents of our kaissers, proceeded to discuss an excellent cold dinner. When the good things had disappeared, and the wine began to circulate, one of the party observed that we should not think of enjoying ourselves before we had filled a bumper to the brim, to the health of our good king, whose birth-day it chanced to be. Our homeward thoughts and loyalty uniting, we filled our glasses, and gave so hearty a "hip, hip, hurra," to our toast, that I doubt if the echoes of those old rocks ever heard the equal of it.

Scarcely was the last cheer dying away in the distance, when the door of the kiosk opened, and a negro dressed in white muslin appeared, his arms and ancles bearing those huge rings of massive gold, which only persons of rank distinguish their servants by.

After a most profound obeisance to the party, he explained in very tolerable French, that his master the Effendi, Ben Mustapha Al Hahak, at whose charge (in house rent) we were then feasting, sent us, greeting, and begged that, if not considered as contrary to our usages, &c., that we should permit him and his suite to approach the kiosk and observe us at our meal.

Independent of his politeness in the mode of conveying the request, as *he* would prove fully as entertaining a sight to us as *we* could possibly be to him, we immediately expressed our great willingness to receive his visit, coupled with a half hint that perhaps he might honour us by joining the party.

After a half-hour's delay, the door was once more thrown open, and a venerable old Turk entered: he salaamed three times most reverently, and motioned to us to be seated, declining, at the same time, by a gentle gesture of his hand, our invitation. He was followed by a train of six persons, all splendidly attired, and attesting, by their costume and manner, the rank and importance of their chief. Conceiving that as his visit had but one object—to observe our convivial customs—we immediately re-seated ourselves, and filled our glasses.

As one after one the officers of the effendi's household passed round the apartments, we offered them a goblet of champagne, which they severally declined, with a polite but solemn smile—all except one, a large, savage-looking Turk, with a most ferocious scowl, and the largest black beard I ever beheld. He did not content himself with a mute refusal of our offer, but, stopping suddenly, he raised up his hands above his head, and muttered some words in Turkish, which one of the party informed us was a very satisfactory recommendation of the whole company to Satan, for their heretic abomination.

The procession moved slowly round the room, and when it reached the door, again retired, each member of it salaaming three times as they had done on entering. Scarcely had they gone, than we burst into a loud fit of laughter at the savage looking fellow who thought proper to excommunicate us, and were about to discuss his more than common appearance of disgust at our proceedings, when again the door opened, and a turbaned head peeped in, but so altered were the features, that although seen but the moment before, none of us could believe them the same. The dark complexion—the long and bushy beard were there—but instead of the sleepy and solemn character of the oriental, with heavy eye and closed lip, there was a droll, half-devilry in the look and partly open mouth, that made a most laughable contrast with the head-dress He looked stealthily around him for an instant, as if to see that all was right, and then, with an accent and expression I shall never forget, said, "*I'll taste your wine, gentlemen, av it be pleasing to ye.*"

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PARIS POLICE.

A Frenchman's Delicate Sensibility of Honor.—A few nights since, at a very late hour, a violent knocking was heard at the door of a house in one of the obscure streets of that filthy part of Paris called "the City." Some minutes afterwards the noise of a pair of wooden shoes was heard descending from the seventh floor; and shortly after, the noise of the same pair of wooden shoes with that of a strong pair of boots tipped with iron, was heard ascending to the same seventh story. Scarcely was the house restored to its usual silence, when an infernal uproar was heard proceeding from the chamber where the aforesaid pair of shoes and boots had found shelter for the night. The sound of blows, the breaking of windows, the crashing of crockery, the curses of a man, and the cries of a woman, were mingled together in dire confusion. The other lodgers of the seventh story were in dismay; they ran in shift or petticoat, as the case might be, to the spot from whence the noise proceeded. They burst open the door, and there they saw on the ground a man about 40 years of age, beaten, his hair torn, his clothes in tatters, and by his side the handle of a broom, by which all this execution had been done. A few paces from him sat a little woman, half fainting, so that it seemed impossible to know whether she had beaten her husband, or whether the husband had thwacked her first, and then fallen foul of himself to make up the family party.

The neighbors threw open the window and called for the police. A corporal of the guard, and six men chanced to be passing at the moment, and they hastened to the scene of action. The instant the corporal entered the room the husband cried out,

"Corporal, arrest me, I have assaulted my wife."

"No, no," said the wife; "it is I who have thwacked my husband."

Next morning this extraordinary couple were presented at the bar of the police-office.

"Rigeant," said the president, "you are charged with having beaten your wife."

Rigeant: It is true, your worship, I have given her enough of it.

Madame Rigeant (sobbing and in tears): It is false.

"Hold your tongue, Madame, I am convinced of my errors," interrupted the affectionate husband.

"No, no," says the wife, "I never can consent; his worship must know everything."

Rigeant: In the name of Heaven, Madame, don't dishonor me.

Madame Rigeant: No, no, I will never let the innocent suffer. It is I, your worship, who alone am guilty. It was I who beat him

Rigeant: Madame Rigeant!

Madame Rigeant: Yes, gentlemen, he came in drunk at night, and I broke his head with the broomstick.

Rigeant: Madame Rigeant!

Madame Rigeant: Yes, your worships, I gave him plenty of it, but when the neighbors and the guard came in he called on them to arrest him, because he does not wish it to be known that he is beaten by his wife.

Rigeant: For the grace of heaven, Madame Rigeant!

Madame Rigeant: And that's not all, gentlemen, for he even now wishes me to swear informations against him, that he might have the honor of the assault.

Rigeant: I beseech you, Madame Rigeant.

Madame Rigeant: I won't hear a word.

Rigeant: Wife, your generosity touches me, and I will never thrash you again; but do not deny that I beat you most cruelly last night; and you, gentlemen, do not refuse me one month of prison at least for so violent an assault.

President: Go along with you, you are a pair of fools. The case is dismissed.

Rigeant strikes his forehead, and, with a desperate air, leaves the office, exclaiming "Madame Rigeant, you have dishonored me!"

THE OTTER.

Goldsmith, in his animated description of the otter, particularly mentions one he had himself seen, which entered a pond as often as was required, and brought out fish for the use of its master. This fact is certainly extraordinary, for although I have seen various domesticated otters, they all, so far as I could ever learn, fished furtively, and on their own account. I have been assured, however, by a clergyman in Galloway, that there was an otter in Dalbeattie, within the last few years, which purveyed extensively in the same way. Its mistress was a poor widow woman, and the otter, when led forth, plunged into the Urr or the neighboring burns, and brought out all the fish it could find. The widow rewarded it well for its trouble, and carried the surplus home to her young family. As an animal so tractable must have been exceedingly useful, I regret to add that it was crushed to death one day by the weight of some domestic utensil it unfortunately upset, while scrambling for food.

In June, 1828, I visited a tame otter which is kept at Corsbie House, Wigtownshire, the residence of the Honorable Montgomery Stewart. A few years previous, a litter of cubs, to the number of three, and all females, were caught at one of the Penningham Lochs, and consigned to the care of an ancient domestic, who brought the whole up so far "on the pan and the spoon." The whelps, which at this time were hardly so big as a full-grown rat, were so active, restless, and even vicious, that the woman, while feeding them, was frequently bitten; still she persevered, maugre her chopped and bloody fingers, and was allowed by all to have great credit in her strange nurselings. One of the three was gifted by Mr. Stewart to an English nobleman, and the others, though always firm and united in repelling the attacks of cats and dogs, had so many separate causes of jealousy, and fought so fiercely when left by themselves—perhaps from being of the same sex—that the one at last killed the other. The survivor received the name of Tibby, and was permitted for months to traverse the *but* and *ben* of her nurse's cottage, and follow her like a dog wherever she went. In this state of comparative freedom, the animal became exceedingly knowing and sly, and not only made free with ducklings, chickens, and hen eggs, but on one occasion furtively stole and carried off a piece of meat from a tureen or pot, long before the broth had become quite cool. At other times she mounted the kitchen dresser, and frisked about with her long tail to the great detriment of the plates and dishes; and for these and similar peccadilloes she was banished forthwith from human society, and confined within four stone walls. A house, in fact, was built for her in the corner of a very beautiful garden: and in this snug retreat she enjoys every comfort, is accommodated with a court for air and exercise, a bed-chamber in the corner, sheltered from the rain, and, what seems most essential to an otter's comfort, a large stone trough, filled with an inexhaustible supply of water. A spring brought from some of the neighboring heights enters, and then escapes from the garden: one pellucid pipe feeds the trough, and a second prevents it from running over; and here, in winter as well as summer, the animal may be seen swimming and diving, and assuming the most beautiful attitudes imaginable. For ease, elegance, precision, agility, her performance rivals, or rather outstrips, that of a professor of the tight rope; and like him, too, she pauses at the end of every act—leaning as lightly on the surface of the water as the falcon does on the breast of the sky—to enjoy the plaudits that are ready to be showered on her, or modestly solicit a mouthful of food as the well-earned reward of her innocent exertions. Last year, however, a circumstance occurred that had rather an unfavorable effect upon the otter, and made her forego, to use the words of Hamlet, all her wonted customs of exercise. A mason had been employed to rough-cast the walls of her house, and some of the lime having fallen into the trough, the poor animal's feet were so much scalded, that she became afraid of her natural element. Her appearance suffered from the same cause, and with the view of varying her amusements and improving her health, she was allowed to run about the garden: and then, to the surprise of many, she evinced a great fondness for gooseberries. These she managed to pluck by standing on her hind legs like a dog, but at the same time appeared very well pleased when any one condescended to cater for her. I myself gave her a few berries, and saw her snatch others unerringly from the trough, though no coaxing could induce her at this time to remain above an instant in the water. The stomach of an otter is perhaps as accommodating as that of a dog; for though fish, speaking generally, form the staple of their food, there can be no doubt that they also prey extensively on fowls. In their natural state, they catch ducklings among the reeds and sedges, as well as moor-game when very young. Of the one in question I can safely state that she climbs her keeper's back, fondles about her feet like a pup or kitten, and even seems inclined to salute her cheek when permitted to carry her freedoms so far. At other times she bites right and left, and her nurse, after several years' experience, avers, "that she's ay angry when she's hungry, and that she wadna trust her ower far yet."

While in Newton Stewart, in the month of July last, I again visited my old friend the otter, and was happy to find her as sleek, active, and amusing as ever. She had now no dread of the trough or the lime that had defiled it; but, on the contrary, entered the water freely, and while disporting on its bosom assumed, as before, the most beautiful attitudes. On watching her narrowly, I discovered that she could not stand long on her hind legs, that she is remarkably cleanly in all her habits; that, when thirsty, she avoids the trough she bathes in, and applies her mouth to the pipe that feeds it, drinking very little at a time, and occasionally washing her face with her paws. The sight of burning embers frightens her greatly, and her keeper, Nelly Cowan, assured me, that, when a pup, and an inmate of her cottage, nothing could induce her to go near the fire. She is still, however, so irascible, that I offended her highly by throwing into the trough a small tin vessel. This intruder into her watery home she seemed determined to eject by hook or by crook, and kept tossing it to and fro across the bottom for the space, I am certain, of half an hour. At times she succeeded in raising it to the surface, and as often missed her mark, by opening her paws prematurely. On these occasions she flew into a high passion, and leaving the bit of tin to its fate for a moment, actually clambered up the side wall of her dwelling, with the view, as Nelly Cowan asserted, of biting, if she could, the nose off the face of the person who had ventured to give her so much annoyance. Altogether, the otter kept at Corsbie House is a great curiosity, and a great ornament to the Hon. Mr. Stewart's garden; and but for the circumstance that Newton-Stewart lies between her and the river side, where a number of angry curs are kept, she would fish the pools of Cree to excellent purpose, when not another angler could find a fin in them, and live, as wiser animals do, by *their wits*, without being burdensome to a single human being. Query—is it true that otters in their natural state, and at the breeding season, when they burrow under the banks of rivers, are capable of boring holes with their tails for the purpose of admitting air and light? Many otter-hunters appear to be firm converts to this opinion, and even the great Buffon himself countenances, though he does not assert the fact.

Since writing the above, I have been reminded of another tame otter, the manners of which I was requested to describe in February, 1827, by Norman Lockhart, Esq., Lanarkshire. Some time in the beginning of that year, my informant paid a visit to his friend, Mr. Monteith, of Carstairs, and while about to depart was surprised to see a curious looking animal issuing from the dog-kennel, and anon running about the wheels of his carriage, when called on by the appropriate name of "Neptune." This circumstance naturally led to some inquiry, from which it appeared that the otter was caught in spring, 1825, when only a few days old, and actually suckled by a pointer bitch! At first it was as wild as the Corsbie cub, but afterwards it became so tame and domestic that the gamekeeper was induced to take it under his especial patronage. And undoubtedly the man had good reasons for so doing. As the purveyor of game, he could do little without his faithful canine *allies*, and the otter's services were found equally useful in another way—that is, in procuring a dish of excellent burn trout, when the nature of the weather or season was such, that the finny people refused to rise, whether tempted by bait or fly. In a state of nature, otters merely fish for themselves, but when fairly civilised and properly looked after, they appear to act on the principle of the clergy, contenting themselves with a tithe or so of the fruits. This at least was the practice of the Carstairs otter, and though he frequently stole away at night to fish by the pale light of the moon, and associate with his kindred by the river side, his master, of course, was too generous to find any fault with his peculiar mode of spending his evening hours. In the morning he was always at his post in the kennel, and no animal understood better the secret of "keeping his own side of the house." Indeed his pugnacity in this respect gave him a great *lift* in the favor of the game keeper, who talked of his feats wherever he went, and averred besides, that if the best cur that ever ran "only daured to girn" at his protege, he would soon "mak his teeth meet thro' him." To mankind, however, he was much more civil, and allowed himself to be gently lifted by the tail, though he objected to any interference with his snout, which is probably with him the seat of honor. As an angler, his reputation was advancing so rapidly at the time mentioned, that one or two of Mr Monteith's neighbors had some thoughts of borrowing him a day or two in spring for the purpose of ascertaining the quality and size of the larger trout in the pools on their estates.

[For the "Spirit of the Times."

A HIPPO-EPIC, OR HORSI-HEROIC ODE.

Scene—Oakland Course, Ky.

Time—Between 12 and 2 o'clock, 30th September, 1839.

No cloud obscures the clear blue sky,
The orb of day careers on high,
And pours a golden flood of light
On Oakland Course—a glorious sight.
Their airy wings the zephyrs wave,
The startled birds their parting carols gave;
The lofty monarchs of the forest there
In glittering sunbeams bathe their glossy hair,
And throw their shadows on the brave and fair
That densely throng the field; yet still
They come, a moving multitude that fill
The extended plain, and spread around—
Yet still they come; I hear the sound
Like distant thunder, or the ocean's roar,
Dashing his waves upon some rocky shore.
But see the fiery coursers tread the plain;
All eyes are on them, and the train
Of their attendants watchful slowly pace
That field with keen enquiring eye and anxious face.
What do I see?—O, vision bright!
That bursts upon the astonish'd sight!
High, high above them in the liquid air
The forms of stately coursers there;
Now just above that glittering grove
Where Wagner and Grey Eagle slowly move,
Their airy forms in purple radiance clad
With lofty mien, majestic, proud, but sad.
Far on the breeze their meteor manes float wide,
Like streaming banners in the battle's tide,
Their arched necks, like heaven's own rainbows, rise
High in the vault where muttering thunder flies.
Shade of Sir Charles! I know thee now;
That look at Wagner, and thy brow
Of pride, betray thee, as you stand
In haughty grandeur by the great Bertrand;
For he it is that by thy side
Appears with equal haughtiness and pride.
Upon the scene below they seem to gaze,
And hold high converse with the solar blaze;
Methinks I hear (imagination's power
What force controls thee in thy magic hour?)
Descending from those sunlit forms sublime,
Deep thrilling sounds that reach no ears but mine:
"In bygone days upon this field of fame,
Sir Charles, a son of mine, whose name,*
While yet he lives, on glory's page
Is stamped, did with thine own engage,
And conquered Collier in the race;
Thy noble son, whose trophies grace,
The Olympic annals of the world,
Here from his high estate was hurl'd."
"'Tis true, Bertrand; the laurel torn
Away, was nobly won and worn;
His gallant son I see on yonder course,
A stately steed, with all his father's force;
Thy favorite grandson, worthy too
Of his great father's fame, and even of you.
But now the *day of retribution's* come;
Hark! hark! the signal of the rolling drum!
In vain Grey Eagle shall exert his power,
The *Fates* decree him vanquish'd—this the hour;
Nor fame nor honor shall he lose to-day,
But that bright laurel torn away
From Collier by his sire, shall grace
The brow of Wagner in this fated race.
Look down, look down! they fly, they fly!
Like streaming meteors in the sky;
On, Wagner, on, or do or die!"
"'Tis done, Sir Charles, the deed is done,
Thy son the victor's crown has won;
But fate cannot destroy the fame,
Of my Grey Eagle's glorious name."
To earth I look'd, then raised my eyes,
Their forms had vanish'd from the skies;
While thundering voices shook the ground,
And wak'd the sleeping echoes round.

* *Woodpecker.* Horace's remark on the word *Egnus-Futicus*, applies with equal force to the name of this superb race horse.
"Quod versu dicere non est, signis perfacile est."—*Lib.* 1, *Sat.* 5.

THE RETIRED TRADESMAN.

Dobbs had now arrived at that prosperous "tide in the affairs of men," which is said to offer itself once in a life to every one; and he was not the gaby to lie slumbering at the bottom of the boat, while any good was to be done by briskly handling the oars. Skrimshire was an old bachelor, whose chief plagues and comforts consisted of a superannuated housekeeper and an orphan *niece;* the former of whom, under the harsh handling of Time, had grown very like the portraits of Mother Shipton, while the latter displayed a peculiarly striking likeness to her uncle, although decidedly a handsome resemblance. As the infirmities of age gradually came upon Skrimshire, the business as gradually devolved upon Dobbs. In due time he and Martha, the pretty orphan, began to think it shameful to impose any longer on the poor old gentleman, (who had more than enough to think about) the care of a young and sprightly girl; they, therefore, good-naturedly agreed that that troublesome office should forthwith be transferred to the devoted Dobbs, in quality of husband. Skrimshire, after some pondering and difficulty, happened to catch the aspect of this act of affectionate solicitude in the right light, and soon retired from all practical interference in the business. The cunning senior, however, though not overburthened with book-learning, had too much useful knowledge—the knowledge of his own defects—to betake himself to a life of meditation in the country; he therefore continued to put on his apron, puddle about the shop, and smoke a pipe with his old cronies at "The Horse and Groom" in the evening, till called upon somewhat suddenly to pay the only just debt he had not taken pleasure in discharging;—till he died, in short, leaving a profitable shop, and a handsome bonus for the trouble of taking charge of it, to his faithful foreman and orphan niece; that worthy pair having by this time been blessed with a male and female image of their respective graces; Mrs. D. being, moreover, in a situation shortly to ascertain if in children, as in less important matters, there is luck in odd numbers.

Railroads were not invented at the period in question; but the prosperity of the Dobbses were soon accelerated to a railroad pace. Many of the neighbors, who dealt at a distance rather than encourage a crabbed, and most-likely-wicked old bachelor, now deemed it almost a duty, as well as a pleasure, to contribute their custom towards procuring bread (Dobbs himself subscribed the butter) for the sturdy and interesting little D.'s. Profits increased in a greater ratio than expenses; and, upon the whole, Dobbs had no reason to complain of the times, whatever may have been his actual practice. Children, to be sure, would now and then have the measles; and inconsiderate customers would sometimes persevere too long in singing "Call again to-morrow," the burthen of a comic song that happened to be very much in vogue at the period. Occasionally, too, they anticipated the more modern prosaic drollery, "Don't you wish you may get it?" But these were comparative trifles, and little affected the general balance which, every Christmas, Dobbs found steadily increasing in his favor.

In justice to Dobbs, it must be admitted that, although not exactly a model of generosity, he was not deficient in natural feeling. He provided for his helpless parents, gave his own left-off clothes (with now and then a sovereign in the breeches pocket) to a poor brother, subscribed his annual guinea to a dispensary, and on three several occasions was known to contribute (legends differ as to the amount) to the relief of sufferers from fire in his own immediate neighborhood. As overseer of the poor, his dynasty marks quite an era in the living annals of the workhouse; nothing being more common than to hear old men and women who may think themselves wronged in some tea or tobacco question, say, with a significant shake of the head, "Ah! it was not so in 'Squire Dobbs's time;" or, "If 'Squire Dobbs was in office the poor would get their rights!" It does not follow from this circumstance, however, that "'Squire Dobbs" got always thus lauded while in the actual exercise of his official duties; it being usual enough among all classes to recollect the virtues only of those who have left us, and see nothing but the imperfections of those who remain.

Exactly seven-and-twenty years after Skrimshire's death, and forty-one from his own arrival in London, Dobbs determined (finding himself rich enough to execute the plan of retirement he long had contemplated) finally to surrender his butter-knife and cheese-cutter into the hands of his eldest son. We do not feel at liberty to state the exact sum he had achieved;—say, however, in round numbers, fifteen thousand pounds: and if any vain-glorious philosopher has the temerity to think he could manage to exist upon one farthing less than the interest of so very moderate a provision, the only punishment we wish him is the opportunity of trying. Dobbs retired, as we have stated, to a place some four or five miles from Hyde-Park Corner; here he cultivates flowers, cabbages, and philosophy, and all with a very reasonable degree of success: he was country-born, be it remembered, and his early predilections shoot up kindly in the "latter spring" of his closing days. His resident family consists of a wife and two buxom daughters—[don't agitate yourself, Mr. Idleman, the young ladies are both bespoke]; and what with his garden, kitchen, and floral, what with presiding over an infant school that he has been mainly instrumental in establishing in his neighborhood; watching that nobody cheats his son in town, and that nobody runs away with his daughters in the country; together with the assistance now and then of a book (which he may be said to endure rather than to like), Dobbs manages to eke out a very tolerable existence; far superior, it is to be feared, to the average lot of mortal man. Indeed, strange to say, he seems to be himself somewhat of that opinion; for the last time we dined with him in a family way he was pleased, after the third glass of wine, to edify us with the moral strain of one or two of his desultory remarks. "Providence," said the worthy Dobbs, "has been exceedingly kind to me: much more so than to millions equally deserving. I endeavor to show my gratitude by doing what little good I can, and wish it were in my power to effect more. But we are getting too serious. I must show you the summer-house; you haven't seen it since we gave it a new coating of green paint. By the bye, what did you think of that Stilton we had at dinner? George sent it down last night, and I pronounce it capital. The boy will come to something yet, mark my words." "It will be strange if he don't," thought we (for we would not say anything to check the excusable exultation of a parent): but had he started on life's voyage with no greater advantages than his sire, it may be doubted if he would, like him, come so snugly into port as—a Retired Tradesman. *Heads of the People.*

MRS. HIGGINBOTTUM TO THE LONDON ARGUS.

My deer Hargus,—Has you have a hundred *I's*, I purpose to add one hewnit more to your wision; my *I* is a gimlet one—a peercer, as pale-faced Rogers said to Lady Holland—it is such an *I* as the Sighclops of old had burning like a bright lamp in the center of the fourhead, and far heclipsing the brood light, that splendid refractory hilluminati that shines upon the pale-faced dyall at the Horse Guards.

Mr. Hasmodeus, a lame hexcursionist of the last centenerary, who used to hop among the housetops, by hade of a pair of flying crutches, and peep through the pantiles into people's parlors, had a mikrosmatic *I* with a komic lens, which distorted everything humorously, and burlesked human natur "most habominably." My *I* is of far greater power, and, has the hartists say, "more natral heffect;" Mr. Dolans says that mine is a telliskopic *I*, or an heccentrik orb, as the hastronomers would call it, turning hoblikely in its sockit; with a swiffel haction like peter Pindar's cook—

"Who squinted with a look bewitching,
Into all four corners of her kitching,
Could in a glance see heaven and earth,
Or give the poet's wision birth;
With orbs akin, yet like no brother,
Could weep with one and laugh with t'other."

Howsondever, not to weerey your patichience, or "fruktify highdeers," as the write honorable Owlett Tomson says (altho I think with Lord Broome that a good koteation tends to hillustrate habstrewse subjeks). I pray you pardon this dyegression, for, as Mr. Touchstone says to the red-haired wench in "Has you like it,"—"the gods have made me pohetikal," and when the fit is on I cannot reestrain myself. Oh My Deer Hargus, you should see my orb, then, when under the hinspiration of the diwine nine, *I realize*, as the City people *now* say by the Spanish, the poet's scrip—when,

"My I, in a fine french-see rolling, sores from heaven to earth,
From earth to heaven—and as himagirnation bodies forth
The form of things ennone, my I turns them to shapes,
And gives to hairy nothings a lokal habitation and a name."

I am koteing, as Halbany Funblank says, out of book, but if this is not the text, it is something wery like it. To return to my *I*, that *I* which I am about to fix on you, Mr. Hargus, in the fullness of dewotional hadmiration, dont you think its "all my I," as the wulgar express the haxiom—its no sich thing—*my I* is a real corporal anti-sublunarian celestio and terresstial *I;* a meateorick helektrick plankit round which your hundred *I's* may move in glimmering respect, like miner konstellations round the sun. To come to the pint, as the beer-shop man said to Lord Straddlegoose, in a resent "Hargus," you talk of seeing Palace secrets through highlet-holes, *I* can let you see them through stone walls—*my I* can pearce the kabinet and the korridor, the kloset and the kounsel-room. That deer old cretur, Grandpapa Melbourne, as a grate Lady kalls him, has been werry much disturbed in his mine lately, and ven he is so he valks about in his sleep—sich a fright—vithout his vig, his teeth, and his thingumbobs—quite a Sun Mabilist—his walet says he's quite armless in that state, but for all that, the Ladies mades who hinhabit the hupper part of the Devils Tower take care to lock all their doors for feere of any mistake. Howsomdever, sumthing kurious has hockured for Sir something Stovin purforated the following werses upon the subjek:—

The Premeeres goste it valks at nite
And puts the mades into a frite
All at the midnite hour
One Lassie sade tis a cleer kase
That this is not a *Lamb* of grace
Who hornts the Devils tower
Another on her bended nees
Shaking and fluttring like the trees
When mity vinds prevale
Did hoffer to her saints a prare
That he mite never henter there
But—*thereby hangs a tail.*

I am hinterrupted here by Madam Pompadore, as wee calls the Baroness's made, squilting over my shoulder, to make a discovery if she can—but its no go—. Take care of the spellin and punktuashion for I am partikler as you know about sich things—and above hall be sekret, and you shall soon here again from

Yours, werry truly, Hester Higginbottum.

Vindsor, Sept. 12, 1839.

Abbreviations.—A stenographic sort of idiom is now becoming quite popular, if not fashionable in this city. If a man visits our sister Republic, he is G. T. If a check is presented at one of our banks and there is no lodgment to meet it, the teller, without deigning to look you in the face, utters N. F., which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, means—"no funds." Put an account into the hands of a collector, and after a week he returns it endorsed N. P.—"not paid."—Send your servant to the market with some third municipality money, and a barrel-bellied butcher, when she presents it for a steak, exclaims in a huff, N. N. B.—"no better than Brandon." If you receive a challenge, instead of being written in the usual phraesology, "that satisfaction which one gentleman requires from another," &c., the writer briefly says, C. T. T. S. or I'll G. Y. A. H., which being deciphered means "Come to the scratch, or I'll give you all h—ll." We heard of this "new light system" being carried so far as to be adopted by a lady. A fellow who attempted to woo and win her, wrote her a letter full of "hearts and "darts," of "Cupid's bow strings," of captivating charms," and all that sort of thing: and we further heard that instead of the lady acknowledging the "soft impeachment," blushing and giving her consent—for he actually popped the question—she wrote him a note couched in this style, U. C. S. This was to the love-stricken youth a mystery, an enigma, a riddle—he brought it to one and then to another, but none could be found to unravel its meaning, until at length a fellow who knew a thing or two, told him to avoid all correspondence in that quarter; he further convinced him that the answer to his billet gave him the *cut* direct, as the interpretation of U. C. S., which comprised the lady's reply, meant neither more nor less than simply, "*You can't shine.*" When the unfortunate wight learned the extent of his misery, he fell into H. F.—hysteric fits. He has since taken six boxes of Brandreth's pills, and four bottles of the compound syrup of sarsaparilla, three coblers, and two pig and whistles, and still finds himself miserable. This is a sad instance of the danger to be apprehended from abbreviating one's thoughts, or one's language.—It is practised to a great extent in this community, as Recorder Riker of New York would say, and should be avoided. *Picayune.*

"Hallo, friend, are you asleep?" "Why—what do you want?" "I want to borrow five dollars." "Yes, I'm fast asleep." *Boston Transcript.*

THE RAPE OF THE VENETIANS.

BY PROFESSOR PEPOLI;

The last day of January, anno 936, was drawing to its close, and the moon, having reached the full, was shedding bright beams upon the placid lake where rests, in the midst of its waters, that wondrous evidence of Italian power and skill—Venice the beautiful. The winds were hushed, and the softened air seemed to announce the near approach of spring; all was tranquil, except when the pervading silence was interrupted by an occasional plash of slow moving oars, or the merry song of the gondoliers by whom they were set in motion. At length they even had ceased to disturb with the carol of their voices, or the beating of their oars, the heavenly quiet of the surrounding waters. Each child of earth seemed, indeed, to have found in sleep a sweet forgetfulness of daily toil, save that smaller portion of created beings whom corroding care, or the torments of unrequited or doubtful love, rendered restless and miserable—to them, indeed, this night of calm brought no repose. Among the latter was one who, seated at her window, with her head supported upon her hand, was gazing intently on the heavens, as if revolving within her mind dear but melancholy recollections. Her light tresses fell negligently over her fair brow, and over her delicate neck, whilst her beautiful blue eyes, bathed in tears, bespoke the secret grief of her heart. By her side stood one other female child of earth, whose countenance expressed affectionate sympathy with her afflicted friend. For a while they were both silent; then the latter, turning to her companions, said—

"Dearest Bianca, will you be always thus sorrowful! Shall I never again behold a smile upon your lips, or see your eyes bathed in tears?"

Aroused from her meditations by this address, the other replied—"Tell me, Lucy, what cause have I for joy? Do not bid me cease to weep, for I find relief in tears. Would that to-morrow's sun might never rise! Oh! that I could die before this dreaded marriage." She was silent, and covering her face with her hands wept bitterly.

"Be calm, dearest," resumed her friend, "and dismiss these gloomy apprehensions; for, indeed, I see no just cause for so much grief. Prospects like yours would be to many girls a source of boundless joy, and in most your lot would excite envy. The house of Badoero, to which you are about to be united, rivals in nobility and riches that of the Candiani, from which you derive your birth. Your future husband is young, handsome in person, of tried valor in arms, and sure to attain a high post in our country's service. This union affords consolation to your father—comfort and hope to your country; never has the annual solemnization of marriage been celebrated with such evidences of universal joy. Amidst so much rejoicing, then, do not you alone be sorrowing; let the thought of a happy future dispel this gloom.

"Oh! why talk to me of rank and riches? You know, Lucy, that I despise these empty, fugitive vanities; the dearest blessing of my life springs from the affections of the heart. Ah! you can never have loved! Love, that from the earliest years of my youth has held dominion over me; the love that was first awakened by pity has for ever banished from my bosom every joy. Poor Ulrico! though numbered among the dead, you still live in my heart. Of humble rank, left a destitute orphan dependant upon the bounty of others, your mind was enriched with the noblest sentiments, that endeared you to me more than all these proud patricians glorying in wealth, which is theirs by the capricious will alone of blind Fortune."

"Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed her companion, "and will you always indulge these foolish, strange ideas? Let the memory of Ulrico still be dear to you, but do not torment yourself for one who has already been dead two years, and who, were he still living, could never be yours."

"I know too well that my father never would have consented to my union with a young man whom compassion had induced him to shelter and protect. But whilst free I might blamelessly think of him, lament him, consecrate to him my best affections. To-morrow deprives me of this my only consolation, and the name of Ulrico can never again escape my lips unfollowed by remorse."

At these words Bianca's head drooped upon her bosom, and she remained long absorbed in thought, until the touching caresses of Lucy gently roused her from her gloom. After many entreaties she was induced to seek repose; but the sorrowing Bianca found no peace in sleep; her mind was too cruelly agitated to admit of tranquil repose, and if her eyelids, weary with weeping. closed for a few minutes, frightful dreams disturbed the brief quiet, and her tears flowed afresh. Thus passed the heavy night,

"At last the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,
And hurl'd his glistening beams through gloomy ayre."

The morning dawned, and the ways of Venice, thronged with people whose dress and looks bespoke a season of festivity, resounded with merriment and music. The citizens were assembling in crowds to celebrate the *Solemnita dei Maritaggi*. Some were on their way to the houses of the brides, to accompany them to the church; others were attracted to the scene by the pomp and splendor of the ceremonial, which was one of ancient institution, and still celebrated with the greatest magnificence. On the first day of February in every year newly-married couples received the nuptial benediction in the church of San Pietro in Castello, and it was a day hailed with universal rejoicing. For in a free city, such as Venice then was, frequent and well chosen marriages were not unimportant to the public good; they were, on the contrary, occasions of gladness to the citizens, who hoped from the offspring of these unions increase of power and greatness to the state. Thus a common joy seemed to have united the whole population of Venice into one family; there was a delighted interchange of congratulations and happy presages; all felt and expressed cheerful hopes. The windows and walls of the houses in those streets through which the procession was to pass, were hung with cloth of rich and various hues; the canals that flowed through the city were covered with boats bedecked with streamers, festoons, and garlands of flowers.

"Alas!" cried Bianca, as the clamour of the throng in the street, and the sound of bustle within the house arrested her attention, "the hour is come; there only remains to resign myself to my fate."

She arose, and with her friend entered the room in which her attendants were waiting with her bridal dress. Having arranged the beautiful tresses of her fair hair, they placed upon her head a crown of gold and sapphire, and adjusted a long veil which, without concealing her face, descended in graceful folds from her forehead to her feet. Her dress was of purple, richly ornamented with gold and embroidery; from her neck hung a long gold chain of exquisite workmanship. But though thus superbly arrayed, the paleness and profound melancholy of her countenance accorded rather with the gloom of funeral rites than the glad pomp of the hymeneal altar. With a resolute effort, however, to confine her grief within her own breast, she descended to her father, Pietro Candiani III., then supreme governor of the state. With him were many noble ladies assembled to honour her by their presence at the ceremony. She received the affectionate embrace and warm blessing of her father, and followed by the splendid *cortege*, joined the other brides who were awaiting her arrival to proceed together to the church. They were in number thirty, all beautiful, all in the first bloom of their years, all magnificent with costliest ornaments. A long band of noble matrons accompanied them, each attended by pages bearing in their hands small caskets containing pearls, chains of gold, necklaces of gems, and numerous valuable jewels intended as dowries of the brides. The bridegrooms followed with a train of relatives, friends, and domestics. Musicians preceded the *cortege*, and spectators without number attended the procession. All were anxious to obtain a view, and every expedient was adopted to accomplish their purpose.

The church of San Pietro was then the largest in Venice; thither the multitude bent their steps. The bridal party was met by the priests, and all having assembled in the church, the ceremony commenced. The gaze of the surrounding motionless throng was fixed upon the scene at the altar; the profoundest reverence was painted on every countenance; not a breath was audible; when the almost awful silence was suddenly broken by loud cries of "To arms! to arms!"—"To plunder!" was the reply thundered from a hundred terrific voices, as a band of armed men, with savage look and dress, burst in upon the congregated people. In an instant all was tumult. "Mercy, mercy!"—'The Narentani! the Narentani!" exclaimed the citizens. Words cannot describe the terror and confusion of that moment. The most timid endeavoured to escape; some, entangled by their dress, were thrown to the ground, and only served to hinder the flight of others; some fled for refuge to the altars; others clung for protection around the crucifixes; whilst the most daring pressed forward to repulse the invaders. But what power have an unprepared few to repel the assault of an armed troop of brigands? Vain, then, was the daring of the bold. Some were killed; some wounded; the rest were compelled to yield to the overwhelming numbers of the Narentani, who, meeting with no further resistance, seized the terrified brides in their arms, and carried them off together with the caskets of jewels. In the first moment of the tumult Bianca had clasped her arms around a pillar, determined to preserve her hold so long as she retained the breath of life. Two brigands had attacked her, and, irritated at such resistance in a feeble girl, pointing their swords at her breast, threatened her with instant death, when another arrived whose dress and bearing seemed to distinguish him as the chief of the band. Bianca alone appeared to be the object of his anxious search. He discovered her, and, darting forward, commanded the two to withdraw. Without uttering a single word to her he placed himself by her side, and raising a little the ample hat which almost wholly concealed his features, exhibited his face to her view. She saw it, and fell pale and senseless to the ground.

Near the church were waiting vessels in which the brigands placed their captives and plunder. Most of the maidens had swooned, but those in whom consciousness remained supplicated the mercy of their captors, with tears imploring them to compassionate their youth, to pity the anguish of their disconsolate parents, eagerly offering all their jewels as the price of their liberty. But the robbers were deaf to entreaty, and only replied by threatening blows if they were not silent; the unhappy sufferers, confined under the deck, implored of heaven relief in immediate death.

Bianca, however, was not with the rest. She had been conveyed in another vessel, and placed upon cushions in a little cabin. Her pallid countenance and livid and stiffened limbs would, but for her quick and heavy breathing, have rendered it doubtful whether she still lived. By her side stood a handsome young man of noble appearance, who seemed greatly agitated; desire and fear were alternately mingled with an expression of tender love for her who lay insensible before him. After some time a few deep sighs gave signs of returning life; she feebly extended her arms, opened her eyes, but closed them again immediately, as if unable to bear the light. In a hollow voice she repeated frequently the name of Lucy, but receiving no reply, the recollection of her past terror seemed suddenly to flash upon her mind; all trembling she looked around, and exclaimed, "Alas where are my companions; where is my father; and I—miserable me—where am I?"

"You are here, with a friend," replied the young man; "do not fear, you are with Ulrico."

"Ulrico!" exclaimed the maiden; "Ulrico is long since dead!"

"No; he lives, and lives for you alone. Look at me, Bianca; give me one cheering smile; speak to me one kind word. Oh! how many long, disconsolate days have I passed far from you! How has my heart yearned for the moment of reunion. At length the wished-for day is arrived; I have avenged my former wrongs; I have rescued you from an unworthy rival; and now that you are with me I envy not the fortune of kings; the angels of heaven are scarcely happier than I."

Bianca listened to these words in amazement; then, indignation quickly restoring her strength, she rose upon her feet, haughtily exclaiming, "Wretch! do you dare to talk to me of love! Am I then so degraded as to become the mistress of a base robber? You are not Ulrico, though in features you resemble him; he was noble, brave, courteous; he would never have risen in arms against his native country, nor offered to me this insult. But think not to rejoice in my misery; if none come to my succor—if I am abandoned by all—yet will I not suffer this ignominy. I—I alone, will be my own defender; I will seek the refuge of the innocent—I shall know how to die."

"Bianca," replied Ulrico, "you alone in all the world could address such words to me with impunity. I a robber? I a traitor? You are deceived, Bianca, you are deceived. My deeds are blameless, I myself am not the abject dependent you thought me. But I pity the error which leads you to judge of me according to the false fame of my birth. Know, Bianca, that I am not a Venetian; I am of Narenta; there my ancestors held dominion. I do not, therefore, outrage my country, but defend it. Mine are not the incursions of a robber, but the just reprisals of war. And who can impute to me blame, if once alone I visit you with what a thousand and a thousand times your people have inflicted on mine? Have they never put our towns to the sword and flames—have they never devastated our lands, and made a prey of our wives and children? And I—was not I myself torn by the Venetians from my mother, and constrained to endure, under your roof, the pity of a master? Oh! you do not know how burdensome, how outraging to every feeling of the vanquished is the cold pity of the powerful and prosperous! In bitter misery have I suffered it, for in my heart I was no slave. Think, then, with what rapture I learned the truth of my birty. I fled from your house, causing a report that I was drowned in swimming across the lake; but my heart remained with you, and I swore to make you mine, even at the peril of my life. And now that I have accomplished my fondest hopes, will you alone dash from my lips the cup of happiness?—will you hate him living, whom dead you so passionately lamented?"

While he thus spoke the face of Bianca was alternately pale and flushed; at last she burst into tears, and wept so violently that her heart seemed breaking. After some silence she exclaimed, sobbing, "Oh, God! to whom have I given my heart; upon whom have I placed my affections? Ah! wretched me, I have loved the enemy of my country."

She ceased, completely overcome by excess of grief.

"Say, rather, you have fixed your affections upon one whose contemplation of your worth and beauty—whose love for you has filled his soul with noble and generous feelings—whose soul, through force of constant contemplation, has grown into the resemblance of the thing it looked upon. And during the two years that we have been parted, in like manner as your heart has continually—I know it has—fed upon the recollection of him you thought no more, so the thought—the hope of returning to you—of possessing you—of placing you where I could freely devote myself to your happiness, has been my sole life-spring, the source of every other thought and wish. Time has worked no change in me but an increase of love. Why, then, dwell upon whence I am, rather than what I am? Come, oh! come, Bianca, with me to my own country! There you will be honored—adored as an angel sent from heaven to rejoice the earth. There together we will lead a life of purity and peace. My mind will be strengthened for every trial when I shall have you for my companion and wife."

"I your wife!" cried the maiden, "I the wife of an alien—of the foe of my country? Sooner would I die—not one—but a hundred deaths. Know you not that I was born free, in a free land? Have you forgotten that I am an Italian? that the women of Italy are citizens rather than lovers and wives? Oh! if ever intoxicated with love, I should dare to plight my faith to one whose sword would ever be lifted against my brothers, I should expect the earth to open beneath my feet, or to be struck by the withering fire from heaven."

Ulrico's countenance, as she uttered these words, gradually changed from an expression of intense affection to a look of wild astonishment, and when she had finished he turned from her, exclaiming, "Woe! woe! What is life to me now? You would not speak thus if you loved me! Alas! my fond heart! how cruelly art thou deceived. No! no! you do not love me—you never did love me! Oh! if there burned in your heart one single spark of the affection I bear you, your thoughts would be fixed on the happiness of our union, and the joyous prospect of our being surrounded by dear and innocent children."

"Cease, cease! the thought alone makes me shudder. Miserable, indeed, would be my life were I to become a mother only to behold my children hastening in the ranks of the stranger to spread devastation over the land of my birth, using their strength only to destroy their mother's own kindred! Their song of triumh would be responded to by the funeral dirge of my brothers and their offspring; to their triumph would succeed the slavery and ruin of my country. No! Ulrico, I have loved you—truly—deeply—while I thought you a friend; but my heart recoils with horror from the traitorous love of my country's enemy! No! our union now must never be. I will not brand myself with eternal shame—I will not brave the malediction of heaven! If you love me you will seek my happiness, not my misery. Leave me, then; restore me to my father; and that no ill may befal you, place me with my companions alone in a boat; we shall know how to use the oars, and work our way to the shore."

"I leave you, Bianca? I cannot. Do you see these tears? They are the first I have ever shed; they flow from the conviction that you hate me."

"Happy would it be for me could I hate you. I should not then suffer this cruel anguish; nor have for ever to bewail that you were not born an Italian."

"Down with the sails!" "Man the oars, or we are lost!" "Ulrico! Ulrico!" "Where is Ulrico?" "Where is the captain?" were the sounds in accents of despair which suddenly broke upon their ears. Ulrico rushed upon the deck, and discovered that which, from the rapid obscuring of the sky and violent tossing of the vessel, he must have perceived long previously had he been able to divert his mind from the all-absorbing subject by which it was engrossed. A fearful tempest had arisen, the waves rolled high, the winds raged, and black and threatening clouds gathered above their heads. The little barks of the Narentani, ill-adapted to so rough a sea, could no longer sail in company, but were scattered here and there in manifest danger of foundering upon some of the rocks. The rain fell in torrents. The men, benumbed and terrified, seemed to resign all hope of reaching the shore. A huge wave breaking over one vessel had overturned it, and the sailors, precipitated into the lake, were struggling to save themselves from the impending destruction. Of the ten or twelve thus contending with the billows a few escaped; but others, with mistimed avarice, unwilling to relinquish their booty, fastened around their bodies the stolen caskets, and by their weight were sunk. The fate of these increased the despair of their companions, who, reduced to the last extremity, and losing all confidence in their own efforts, betook themselves to prayers and supplications, vowing to their several saints offerings and pilgrimages, as if to that moment they had been good and holy Christians. At length the vessels approached the shores of Caorle, and all hailed the sight of land. Ulrico alone would not consent to enter that port, and tried both threats and persuasion to induce them to continue their way to Narenta. But vain was his opposition; for the sailors, by their fear of death rendered careless of his authority, steered their vessels to the nearest shore.

Not far from the port rose a rugged and precipitous mountain, shaded, however, in summer by the rich foliage of many trees, and delighting the eye with luxuriant verdure, here and there alone bearing moss and stunted shrubs. The Narentani, leading their captives, ascended this steep, for it was their custom never to pass without visiting a grotto on the mountain side, and in their blind superstition they would have feared to incur the wrath of heaven had they neglected to see the solitary inhabitant of the cavern. Ulrico, though no believer in such folly, was compelled to yield to their will to avoid the suspicion and anger of his companions. Cursing, therefore, the tempest and Caorle, that had presented itself in so evil a moment, he approached Bianca, encouraged her not to be alarmed at what she might see, and in silence walked by her side.

Arrived nearly at the summit of the mountain, they entered a grotto, the narrow entrance of which scarcely admitted a ray of light. Enormous pendant, half detached stones almost closed the mouth of the cave. A gloom and horror pervaded the place that chilled the blood of even the most courageous. As they reached the interior, a shrill voice issued from the bottom, uttering these words, "Oh, God! that punisheth the wicked, I thank thee that I am avenged!" The speaker was an aged woman, lying upon a miserable pallet. The paleness of her cheek, and her dim and sunken eye, betokened extreme infirmity. A little lamp burning at her side threw a feeble light upon a face in which grief and pride were marked in strong characters; and by the same light were seen, at a little distance from the bed, the heads and limbs of dead bodies which had not yet received sepulchre. The sight was one of horror to the timid girls, and Bianca had turned to Ulrico to inquire its meaning, when the old woman, with a strong effort, raised herself upon her bed, and, looking round, said "Which among you is the niece of Pietro Candiano?"

Ulrico wished to speak, and with merciful deception to conceal the truth; but Bianca prevented him, and with confidence replied. "You see her before you—I am she."

"Maiden, you come long expected. For more than thirty years have I implored heaven to grant that one of your family might enter my dwelling. Come, you shall receive a welcome truly worthy of the name you bear."

Ulrico approached her, saying, in tones of tenderness, "Mother—good Ulfrida, do not disturb yourself; do not aggravate the infirmity which oppresses you. Let me conduct these maidens into the neighboring grotto, for their presence only embitters the grief you suffer. Forget your past misfortunes, nor seek to avenge them upon her who participates not in the crimes of her fathers."

"Is it your voice, Ulrico, that I hear, or do I listen to an enemy? Ah! how true is it that slavery corrupts and debases the heart! Do you feel compassion for her? Would you shield her from my wrath? Be silent, unworthy descendant of a noble race; remember that your father pardoned not, nor spared the wives and infants of his foes. Lead elsewhere, my Narentani, these maidens. Leave her only with me, that before I die I may taste the long-sighed-for pleasure of vengeance. Oh! that all her kindred were with her, that I might bathe with their blood the ground I have so many years watered with my tears."

Ulrico endeavored to move Ulfrida to gentler thoughts; but, finding his efforts inefficient, grasped Bianca by the hand, and turned to quit the cavern. But the Narentani, regarding Ulfrida with the deepest veneration, because she had been the wife of one of their most valiant kings, and was held in awe by the people as a necromancer, opposed Ulrico, and stood in readiness to draw their swords. Bianca perceiving this, and that the youth, notwithstanding his courage might die without the power to rescue her, left the right hand of Ulrico, and, turning to the old woman, said, "Kind mother, pity my misfortunes. Why do I deserve to suffer punishment? What have I done?"

"What evil had my wretched children committed against your uncle?" cried Ulfrida. "See yonder those naked heads and cold bones lying scattered without interment: behold all that remains to me of them; see to what the fierce cruelty of your uncle has reduced me. I was a wife—a mother. I was surrounded by every blessing. In one day I became a widow, childless, poor, abandoned. I wept—there were none to dry my tears; no voice remained to speak to me the words of affection; in the wide world there was not one to love the miserable Ulfrida. Thirty desolate years have I passed far from human society, with no other consolation than the thought—the hope of vengeance. The open light of the sun doubled the anguish of my affliction; so that, shut within the gloom of this cavern, night and day I have wept over the remains of my children; nor have I sought the fresh air, except when glaring lightnings flashed along the sky, and the fury of conflicting winds troubled the ocean. When seated on the solitary rock, if I have seen any of your ships in peril, raising my voice amid the thunder's roar, I have prayed that the waves might engulph the vessel and all on board; that the angry billows, sweeping over your land, might wash away both habitations and inhabitants. I swore to the God of death and of the tempest, that the bones of my children should lie unburied till washed by the blood of one of the Candani. Now, will you, maiden, that I fail to my oath, and die as I have lived, despairing? No, no——"

"Think," interrupted Bianca, "that your life is departing; that in a brief period you must appear before Him, who pardons those alone who have pardoned,"

"Pardon! pardon! is a base word. To him who has lost all nothing remains but vengeance. Ah, woe! if tyrants did not know that the wrath of the oppressed never sleeps. Woe! if the injured forgot that there still remains to them a sword. Well did the Narentani remember this, and your uncle gathered not the fruit of his victory. He died, but I did not see him expire—I did not see him in the agonies he inflicted upon my children. Now you shall afford me the joy I then lost; you shall die, long and slowly tortured, as my heart has been tortured.'

"My poor father!" said Bianca; "for you alone I grieve in dying. We shall never meet again."

"And was it given to me to see again my children? But no more of this delay. And since this arm is too feeble to plunge the steel into your heart, do thou, my faithful people, supply my weakness. Kill her before me—there—as she stands—kill her!"

The swords of the Narentani were drawn, and their hands uplifted to deal the blow. Ulrico had thrown himself between them and the object of their vengeance, when two men burst breathless into the cavern, exclaiming, "Quick! quick! to arms! to arms! The Venetians are already at the foot of the mountain; they have mastered our men on the shore, and put them to the sword."

At this announcement the Narentani stood petrified; and then, with Ulrico at their head, rushed from the cave. Bianca's heart revived at this prospect of rescue; yet, dreading the chances of the contest, she cried to Ulrico, "If in the battle's rank you meet my father, at least spare his life."....She would have added an entreaty that he would not rashly expose his own, but timidity, and the thought that he was in arms against her own family, sealed her lips.

The anger of the old woman kindled at finding herself thus deserted, and her commands disregarded, and she cursed heaven and fortune for the success that always attended the Venetian arms. And, losing in her rage all power over her reason, she started upon her feet, attempting, with her own arm, to slay her victim. But nature yielding under the weight of years, and exhausted by the long conflict of violent passions, she was unequal to the effort, and fell convulsed upon the bed. The dimmed eye, and frightful contortions of her limbs and features, announced that the hand of death was upon her. The ruling passion still strong in death, she called upon her children, as if present, to come to her aid; then again, bewailing their death, she implored the curse of heaven upon their murderers. But when her wandering eyes rested upon a little image of the Madonna, standing in a niche of the wall, the wrinkles upon her brow relaxed, the tears trickled down her cheeks, and thoughts of peace and penitence seemed to take possession of her mind. Bianca, in compassion to her sufferings, had kept at a distance; but when she saw the fierce tempest subsided she drew near to offer comfort and consolation in her mortal agonies. She wiped the cold damp from her temples, held to her parched and livid lips the cooling cup, and with words of hope and affection attempted to soothe her. As if, however, the voice of the maiden re-kindled her former wrath, Ulfrida spurned her from her side, and clenched her grizzly hair with her hands, with the howl of a maniac breathed her last.

The sight of the corpse, surrounded by the unburied bones, the deep silence that succeeded these terrific cries, and the horror and gloom of the cavern, struck terror into the heart of Bianca. A low, hollow moaning sounded at that instant upon her ear, and not perceiving that it proceeded from the cave in which her weeping companions were imprisoned, her excited imagination conjured up strange, hideous forms. The naked scattered bones united, clothed themselves with nerves and flesh, and stood before her in frightful, threatening attitudes.—They approached and stretched out their blood-stained hands to grasp her, but, terrified, she darted from her phantom persecutors to the mouth of the grotto, and fell senseless upon the rock. On recovering she became conscious of her delusion, but only to exchange imaginary for real dread.

"Alas!" she said, "my loved father may at this moment be covered with wounds....my countrymen may be unable to resist the fierce impetuosity of the Narentani, and we shall all be made miserable captives. And Ulrico—does he still live? Oh, if he is slain in the fight!....But what should Ulrico be to me? Is he not a foe to my country! Oh, that he were not so!"....And here, as if to dispel distracting thoughts, she rose, and, leaning against the stone before the entrance of the cavern, stood listening.

All was silent; but soon she heard a hollow indistinct sound, like the distant roaring of waves. By degrees the noise approached, growing louder and louder as it drew near. Bianca's heart beat quick with fear. Was it the sign of defeat or triumph? Whatever the result, would the victory be to her a joyful one?

She listened more attentively. Clear and distinct came the cry that from her childhood was wont to rouse all the feelings of her soul.

"Marco! Long live San Marco! San Marco and liberty!

She heard the clashing of weapons, the groans of the dying, the oaths of the vanquished, and the joyful shouts of the victors.

"God favors the arms of my countrymen," said Bianca. "They approach; soon I may see my father."

Nor was she deceived. On the retreat of the invaders with their captives,

the incensed Venetians had flown to arms. They embarked, and, regardless of the storm, pursued the Narentani to Caorle. Having slain the guards in the port, they climbed the rugged mountain, and confronted their enemies.

The contest was fierce and bloody, with dreadful slaughter on either side; until the Narentani, overpowered by the force of the Venetians, turned in flight, or fell beneath their swords. When Ulrico perceived the decrease of his numbers, and that the few remaining were mostly wounded, he attempted to retreat into safety; not, indeed, flying from death, but his love for Bianca, and his desire to restore peace and prosperity to his country, rendered life still dear to him. He rushed precipitately with his little band into the cavern. "Alas!" exclaimed Bianca, seeing him with fierce looks, starting eyes, and all besprinkled with blood; "Alas! you are wounded."

"Yes, but this blood which you see" (and here he pointed to his sword) "is the blood of my enemies. Come, I have not lost all whilst you remain to me."

Thus saying, he seized the maiden, without replying to her reiterated inquiries after the safety of her father; and, unmoved by her tears and prayers, turned to the opposite side of the cave. In passing the pallet upon which lay the corpse of Ulfrida, he heaved a deep sigh, exclaiming, "Happy Ulfrida, you live not to behold the shame and ruin of your people." Striking into a path cut in the living stone, he hoped to pass unobserved to the shore, and thence regain a place of safety. But the Venetians still occupied that post, and he found himself completely surrounded by his enemies. Undaunted, holding Bianca with one hand, and grasping his sword with the other, he called to his followers to force a passage. But, dismayed by the number of their adversaries, they were desirous to surrender upon terms of mercy, rather than continue a useless and desperate combat, and almost all laid down their arms. The position of Bianca, however, deterred the Venetians from attacking Ulrico, through the fear of wounding her; they, therefore, contented themselves with simply commanding him to surrender.

"What!" cried he; "shall a Venetian boast of having made me a prisoner? Shall I live for my dishonor and their triumph? No; better death than ignominy!"

His sword was already pointed to his own bosom, when the well known voice of Badoero shouted his name in a tone of bitterest scorn

"Ulrico, thou vile robber! by this sword thou shalt yield up my Bianca, my bride."

These words roused all the fury of Ulrico, who, forgetting reason, love, and compassion, and impelled only by a ferocious jealousy at the triumph of his rival, who stood guarded by the thick ranks of his followers, he exclaimed, "If it is my fate to be the most unfortunate of men, then at least, Badoero, shalt not be happy." Then darting up the rock, which, rising above the cavern, hangs over the sea, with the terrified Bianca still in his arms, he cried to Badoero, "See if she is not mine, and mine for ever!"

For one short moment the person of Bianca was uplifted to the view of all, and then the bodies of both shot rapidly down to the gulph beneath, Ulrico grinning at the Venetians as he passed a maniac look of horrible defiance. Half suffocated with horror, and with looks of ghastly fright, all stood as if suddenly arrested and fixed by a stroke from heaven in the attitude of renewed pursuit. Not a muscle moved, but all eyes were gazing on the vacant space beyond the ridge which intercepted their further view of the falling bodies. An age of indescribable agony seemed to pass before their ears caught the sound of a heavy plunge. As if moved by an electric shock, all simultaneously darted to the edge of the rock, just in time to behold the closing of the parted wave.

CARTOUCHE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE."

The lives of great men can never be too much studied, and in consequence can never be out of place. Having no better news for the week I will take the liberty of confiding to you the biography of a celebrated individual, whose history I have been studying for the last two or three days.

Madame Sevigné has given a very lively account of the exploits of Monsieur Louis Dominique Cartouche, and in many other contemporary records, his name is mentioned with applause: in the present rage for Jack Sheppards, Oliver Twists, and Newgate literature in general, it is pleasant to look abroad for histories of similar tendency, and to find that virtue is cosmopolite and exists among wooden-shoed Papists, as well as honest Church of England men.

Louis Dominique was born in a quarter of Paris called the *Courtelle*, says one historian, whose work lies before me—born in the Courtelle, and in the year 1693—another biographer asserts that he was born two years later in the Marais—of respectable parents of course. Think of the talent that our two countries produced about this time! Marlborough, Villars, Marroquin, Turpin, Boileau, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Moliere, Racine, Jack Sheppard, and Louis Cartouche, all famous within the same twenty years, and fighting, writing, robbing, *a l'envié!*

Well, Marlborough was no chicken when he began to show his genius; Swift was but a dull, idle, college-lad, but if we read the histories of some other great men mentioned in the above list—I mean the thieves, especially—we shall find that they all commenced very early; they shewed a passion for their art as little Raphael did, or little Mozart, and the history of Cartouche's knaveries begin almost with their breeches.

Dominique's parents sent him to school at the college of Clermont, (now Louis le Grand) and although it has never been discovered that the Jesuits who directed that Seminary advanced him much in classical or theological knowledge, Cartouche, in revenge, shewed by repeated instances his own natural bent and genius, which no difficulties were strong enough to overcome. His first great action on record, although not successful in the end, and tinctured with the innocence of youth, is yet highly creditable to him. He made a general swoop of a hundred and twenty eight caps belonging to his companions, and disposed of them to his satisfaction, but as it was discovered that of all the youths in the college of Clermont—he only was the possessor of a cap to sleep in—suspicion (which, alas, was confirmed!) immediately fell upon him, and by this little piece of youthful *naiveté*, a scheme prettily conceived and smartly performed was rendered naught.

Cartouche had a wonderful love for good eating, and put all the apple women and cooks who came to supply the little students, under contribution. Not always, however, desirous of robbing these, he used to deal with them occasionally on honest principles of barter—that is, whenever he could get hold of his schoolfellows knives, books, rulers, or play things, which he used fairly to exchange for tarts and gingerbread.

It seemed as if the Presiding Genius of Evil was determined to patronize this young man—for before he had been long at college, and soon after he had with the greatest difficulty escaped from the night-cap scrape, an opportunity occurred by which he was enabled to gratify both his propensities at once, and not only to steal, but to steal sweetmeats. It happened that the Principal of the college received some pots of Narbonne honey, which came under the eye of Cartouche, and in which that young gentleman, as soon as ever he saw them, determined to put his fingers. The President of the college put aside his honey pots in an apartment within his own, and to which, except by the one door which led into the room which his Reverence usually occupied, there was no outlet. There was no chimney in the room; the windows looked into the Court too, where there was a porter at night, and where nobody passed by day—what was Cartouche to do? for have the honey he must.

Over this chamber which contained what his soul longed after, and over the President's rooms, there run a set of unoccupied garrets, into which the dexterous Cartouche penetrated, and which were divided from the rooms below according to the fashion of those days, by a set of large beams which reached across the whole building, and across which rude planks were laid, which formed the ceiling of the lower story and the floor of the upper. Some of these planks did young Cartouche remove, and having descended by means of a rope, tied a couple of others to the neck of the honey pots, climbed back again, and drew up his prey in safety. He then cunningly fixed the planks again in their old places, and retired to gorge himself upon his booty.

And now for the punishment of avarice!—Every body knows that the brethren of the order of Jesus are bound by a vow to have no more than a certain small sum of money in their possession. The principal of the college of Clermont had amassed a certain sum in defiance of this rule, and where do you think the old gentleman had hidden it?—in the honey pots: as Cartouche dug his spoon into one of them, he brought besides a quantity of golden honey a couple of golden Louis, which with ninety-eight more of their fellows were comfortably hidden in the pots. Little Dominique, who before had cut quite a poor figure among his fellow-students, now appeared in as fine clothes as any of them could boast of, and when asked by his parents on going home how he came by them, said that a young nobleman of his school fellows had taken a violent fancy to him, and made him a present of a couple of his suits. Cartouche the elder, good man, went to thank the young nobleman, but no such could be found, and young Cartouche disdained to give any explanation of his manner of gaining the money.

Here again we have to regret and remark the inadvertence of youth. Cartouche lost a hundred Louis for what? for a pot of honey not worth a couple of shillings. Had he fished out the pieces and replaced the pot and the honey, he might have been safe and a respectable citizen all his life after—the principal would not have dared to confess the loss of his money, and did not speak; but he vowed vengeance against the stealer of his sweetmeats, and a rigd search was made, and Cartouche as usual was fixed upon; and in the ticking of his bed, lo! there were found a couple of empty honey-pots! From this scrape there is no knowing how he would have escaped had not the President himself been a little anxious to hush it up, and accordingly young Cartouche was made to disgorge the residue of his ill-gotten gold-pieces. Old Cartouche made up the deficiency, and his son was allowed to remain unpunished—until the next time.

This you may fancy was not very long in coming, and though history has not made us acquainted with the exact crime which Louis Dominique next committed, it must have been a serious one: for Cartouche, who had borne philosophically all the whippings and punishments which were administered to him at college, did not dare to face that one which his indignant father had in pickle for him. As he was coming home from school on the first day after his crime, when he received permission to go abroad, one of his brothers, who was on the look-out for him, met him a short distance from home, and told him what was in preparation, which so frightened the young thief that he declined returning home altogether, and set out upon the wide world to make shift for himself as he could.

Undoubted as his genius was, he had not arrived at the full exercise of it, and his gains were by no means equal to his appetite. In whatever professions he tried—whether he joined the gipsies, which he did, whether he picked pockets in the Pont Neuf, which occupation history also attributes to him—Cartouche was always hungry. Hungry and ragged he wandered from one place and profession to another, and regretted the honeypots at Clermont, and the comfortable Soup and Bouilli at home.

Cartouche had an uncle, a kind man, who was a merchant, and had dealings at Rouen. One day walking on the quays of that city this gentleman saw a very miserable, dirty, starving lad, who had just made a pounce upon some bones and turnip-peelings that had been flung out on the quay, and was eating them as greedily as if they had been turkeys and truffles. The worthy man examined the lad a little closer—O heavens! it was their run-away Prodigal, it was little Louis Dominique! The merchant was touched by his case, and forgetting the night-caps, the honey-pots, and the rags and dirt of little Louis, took him to his arms, and kissed and hugged him with the tenderest affection. Louis kissed and hugged too, and blubbered a great deal—he was very repentant, as a man often is when he is hungry, and he went home with his uncle, and his peace was made, and his mother got him new clothes and filled his belly, and for a while Louis was as good a son as might be.

But why attempt to balk the progress of genius?—Louis's was not to be kept down; he was sixteen years of age by this time, a smart hardy young fellow, and what is more, desperately enamoured of a lovely washerwoman. To be successful in your love, as Louis knew, you must have something more than mere flames and sentiment—a washer, or any other woman cannot live upon sighs only, but must have new gowns, and caps, and a necklace every now and then, and a fine handkerchief, and silk stockings, and a treat into the country, or to the play—how are all these to be had without money? Cartouche saw at once that it was impossible, and as his father would give him none he was obliged to look for it elsewhere. He took to his old course, and lifted a purse here and a watch there, and found moreover an accommodating gentleman who took his wares off his hands.

This gentleman introduced him into a very select and agreeable society, in which Cartouche's merit began speedily to be recognized, and in which he learned how pleasant it is in life to have friends to assist one, and how much may be done by a proper division of labour. Mr. Cartouche, in fact, formed part of a regular company or gang of gentlemen, who were associated together for the purpose of making war on the public and the law.

Cartouche had a lovely young sister, who was to be married to a rich young nobleman from the provinces—as is the fashion in France, the parents had arranged the match among themselves, and the young people had never met until just before the time appointed for the marriage, when the bridegroom came up to Paris with his little duds, and settlements, and money.—Now there can hardly be found in history a finer instance of devotion than Cartouche now exhibited. He went to his Captain, explained the matter to him, and actually, for the good of his country as it were, (the thieves might be called his country) sacrificed his sister's husband's property. Informations were taken, the house of the bridegroom was reconnoitered, and one night Cartouche, in company with some chosen friends, made his first visit to the house of his brother-in-law. As the people were gone to bed, and therefore, for fear of disturbing the porter, Cartouche and his companions spared him the trouble of opening the door, by ascending quietly at the window. They arrived at the room where the bridegroom kept his great chest, and set industriously to work filing and picking the locks which defended the treasure.

The bridegroom slept in the next room, but however tenderly Cartouche and his workmen handled their tools, from fear of disturbing his slumbers, their benevolent design was disappointed, for awaken him they did; and gently slipping out of bed he came to a place where he had a complete view of all that was going on. He did not cry out or frighten himself sillily, but on the contrary, contented himself with watching the countenances of the robbers, so that he might recognize them on another occasion, and though an avaricious man, did not feel the slightest anxiety about his money-chest, for the fact is he had removed the cash and papers the day before.

As soon, however, as they had broken all the locks and found the nothing which lay at the bottom of the chest, he shouted with such a loud voice, "Here, 'Thomas,' 'John,' 'Officer,' keep the gate, fire at the rascals," that they incontinently taking fright, skipped nimbly out of the window, and left the house free.

Cartouche after this did not care to meet his brother-in-law, but eschewed all such occasions in which the latter was to be present at his father's house. The evening before the marriage came, and then his father insisted upon his appearance amongst other relatives of the bride's and bridegroom's family, who were all to assemble and make merry. Cartouche was obliged to yield, and brought with him one or two of his companions, who had been, by the way, present in the affair of the empty money-boxes. Cartouche never fancied that there was any danger in meeting his brother-in-law, for he had no idea that he had been seen on the night of the attack, but with a natural modesty which did him really credit, he kept out of the young bridegroom's sight as much as he could and showed no desire to be presented to him. At supper, however, as he was sneaking stealthily down to a side table, his father shouted after him, "Ho, Dominique, come hither, and set opposite your brother-in-law!" which Dominique did, his friends following. The bridegroom pledged him very gracefully in a bumper, and was in the act of making him a pretty speech, on the honour of an alliance with such a family, and on the pleasures of brother-in-lawship in general, when looking in his face—ye Gods, he saw the very man who had been filing at his money-chest a few nights ago! By his side too, sate a couple more of the gang—the poor fellow turned deadly pale and sick, and setting his glass down, ran quietly out of the room—for he thought he was in company of a whole gang of robbers. And when he got home—he wrote a letter to the elder Cartouche himself humbly declining any connexion with his family.

Cartouche the elder, of course angrily asked the reason of such an abrupt dissolution of the engagement, and much to his horror he heard of his eldest son's doings. "You would not have me marry into such a family?" said the ex-bridegroom. And old Cartouche, an honest old citizen, confessed with a heavy heart that he would not. What was he to do with the lad?—he did not like to ask for a lettre de-cachet and shut him up in the Bastille—he determined to give him a year's discipline at the Monastery of Saint Lazare.

But how to catch the young gentleman? Old Cartouche knew that were he to tell his son of the scheme, the latter would never obey, and therefore he determined to be very cunning. He told Dominique that he was about to make a heavy bargain with the Fathers, and should require a witness, so they stepped into a carriage together, and drove unsuspectingly to the Rue Saint Denis; but when they arrived near the Convent Cartouche saw several ominous figures gathering round the coach, and felt that his doom was sealed. However, he made as if he knew nothing of the conspiracy, and the carriage drew up, and his father descended, and bidding him wait for a minute in the coach, promised to return to him.—Cartouche looked out,—on the other side of the way half a dozen men were posted, evidently with the intention of arresting him. Cartouche now performed a great and celebrated stroke of genius, which, if he had not been professionally employed in the morning he never could have executed. He had in his pocket a piece of linen which he had laid hold of at the door of some shop, and from which he quickly tore three suitable strips—one he tied round his head after the fashion of a night-cap, a second round his waist like an apron, and with the third he covered his hat, a round one with a large brim. His coat and his perriwig he left behind him in the carriage, and when he stepped out from it (which he did without asking the coachman to let down the steps), he bore exactly the appearance of a cook's boy carrying a dish, and with this he stepped through the exempts quite unsuspected, and bade adieu to the Lazarists and his honest father, who came out speedily to seek him, and was not a little annoyed to find only his hat and wig.

With that hat and wig, Cartouche left home, father, friends, conscience, remorse, society, behind him. He discovered (like a great number of other philosophers and poets, when they have committed rascally actions) that the world was all going wrong, and he quarrelled with it outright. One of the first stories told of the illustrious Cartouche, when he became professionally and openly a robber, redounds highly to his credit, and shows that he knew how to take advantage of the occasion, and how much he had improved in the course of a very few years' experience. His courage and ingenuity were vastly admired by his friends; so much so, that one day the captain of the band thought fit to compliment him, and vowed that when he (the captain) died, Cartouche would infallibly be called to the command in chief. This conversation, so flattering to Cartouche, was carried on between the two gentlemen, as they were walking one night on the quay by the side of the Seine—Cartouche, when the captain made the last remark, blushingly protested against it, and pleaded his extreme youth as a reason why his comrades could never put entire trust in him. "Psha, man," said the captain, "thy youth is in thy favour; thou wilt live only the longer to lead thy troops to victory. As for strength, bravery, and cunning, wert thou as old as Mathusalem thou couldst not be better provided than thou art now at eighteen." What was the reply of Mons. Cartouche?—he answered not by words, but by actions—drawing his knife from his girdle, he instantly dug it into the captain's left side as near his heart as possible, and then seizing that imprudent commander, precipitated him violently into the waters of the Seine, to keep company with the gudgeons and river-gods. When he returned to the band and recounted how the captain had basely attempted to assassinate him, and how he on the contrary, had by exertion of superior skill overcome the captain, not one of the society believed a word of his history, but they elected him captain forthwith.

I think His Excellency Don Rafael Maroto, the pacificator of Spain, is an amiable character, for whom histo y has not been written in vain.

Being arrived at this exalted position there is no end of the feats which Cartouche performed, and his band reached to such a pitch of glory, that if there had been a hundred thousand, instead of a hundred of them, who knows but that a new and popular dynasty might next have been founded, and Louis Dominique Premier Empereur des Francais might have performed innumerable glorious actions, and fixed himself in the hearts of his people, just as other monarchs have done a hundred years after Cartouche's death?

A story similat to the above, and equally moral, is that of Cartouche, who, in company withr wo other gentlemen, robbed the *coche* or packet boat from Melun, where they took a good quantity of booty, making the passengers lie down on the decks, and rifling them at leisure. "This money will be but very little among three," whispered Cartouche to his neighbour, as the three conquerors were making merry over their gains. "If you were but to pull the trigger of your pistol in the neighbourhood of your comrade's ear, perhaps it might go off, and then there would be but two of us to share." Strangely enough, as Cartouche said, the pistol *did* go off, and number 3 perished; "give him another ball," said Cartouche; and another was fired into him. But no sooner had Cartouche's comrade discharged both his pistols, than Cartouche himself, seized with a furious indignation, drew his knife—"Learn, monster!" cried he, "not to be so greedy of gold; and perish the victim of thy disloyalty and avarice." So Cartouche slew the second robber, and there is no man in Europe who can say that the latter did not merit well his punishment.

I could fill volumes and not mere sheets of paper, with tales of the triumphs of Cartouche and his band; how he robbed the Countess of O, going to Dijon in her coach, and how the Countess fell in love with him, and was faithful to him ever after; how, when the Lieutenant of Police offered a reward of a hundred pistoles to any man who would bring Cartouche before him, a noble Marquis in a coach and six drove up to the Hotel of the Police, and the noble Marquis desiring to see Monsieur de la Reynie on matters of the highest moment, alone, the latter introduced him into his private cabinet: and how, when the Marquis drew from his pocket a long, curiously shaped dagger, "Look at this, Monsieur de la Reynie," said he, "this dagger is poisoned!"

"Is it possible!" said M. de la Reynie.

"A wee prick of it would do for any man," said the Marquis.

"You don't say so!" said M. de la Reynie.

"I do, though, and what is more," said the Marquis in a terrible voice, "if you do not instantly lay yourself flat on the ground, with your face towards it, and your hands crossed over your back, or if you make the slightest noise or cry, I will stick this poisoned dagger between your ribs, as sure as my name is CARTOUCHE!!

At the sound of this dreadful name, M. de la Reynie sunk incontinently down on his stomach, and submitted to be carefully gagged and corded, after which, Monsieur Cartouche laid his hands upon all the money which was left in the Lieutenant's cabinet. Alas and alas! many a stout bailiff, and many an honest fellow of a spy, went for that day without his pay and his victuals!

There is a story, that Cartouche once took the Diligence to Lille, and found in it a certain Abbé Potter, who was full of indignation against this monster of a Cartouche, and said that when he went back to Paris, which he proposed to do in about a fortnight, he should give the Lieutenant of Police some information which would infallibly lead to the scoundrel's capture. But poor Potter was disappointed in his designs, for before he could fulfil them, he was made the victim of Cartouche's cruelty.

A letter came to the Lieutenant of Police to state that Cartouche had travelled to Lille in company with the Abbé de Potter of that town: that on the Reverend Gentleman's return towards Paris, Cartouche had waylaid him, murdered him, and taken his papers, and would come to Paris himself, bearing the name and clothes of the unfortunate Abbé, by the Lille coach on such a day. The Lille coach arrived, and was surrounded by Police agents; the monster Cartouche was there sure enough in the Abbe's guise, he was seized, bound, flung into prison, brought out to be examined, and on examination found to be no other than—the Abbe Potter himself!—It is pleasant to read thus of the relaxations of great men, and find them condescending to joke like the meanest of us.

Another diligence-adventure is recounted of this famous Cartouche. It happened that he met in the coach a young and lovely lady, clad in widow's weeds, and bound to Paris, with a couple of servants. The poor thing was the widow of a rich old gentleman of Marseilles, and was going to the Capital to arrange with her lawyers, and to settle her husband's will. The Count de Grinche (for so her fellow-passenger was called,) was quite as candid as the pretty widow had been, and stated that he was a captain in the Regiment of Nivernois, that he was going to Paris to buy a Colonelcy, which his relative, the Duke de Bouillon, the Prince de Montmorenci, the Commandeur de la Trémoille, with all their interest at court, could not fail to procure for him. To be short, in the course of the four days' journey, the Count Louis Dominique de Grinche played his cards so well, that the poor little widow half forgot her late husband, and her eyes glistened with tears as the Count kissed her hand at parting,—at parting he hoped only for a few hours.

Day and night the insinuating Count followed her: and when at the end of a fortnight he plunged, one morning in the midst of a tete-a-tete *when they were alone*, suddenly on his knees, and said "Leonora do you love me?" the poor thing heaved the gentlest, tenderest, sweetest sigh in the world, and sinking her blushing head on his shoulder, whispered, "O Dominique, jet aime! Ah," said she, "how noble it is of my Dominique to take me with the little I have, and he so rich a nobleman!" The fact is, the old Baron's titles and estates had passed away to his nephews; his dowager was only left with 300,000 livers in Rentes sur l'Etat, a handsome sum, but nothing to compare to the rent-roll of Count Dominique, Count de la Grinche, Signeur de la Haute Pigre, Baron de la Bigorne—he had estates and wealth which might authorize him to aspire to the hand of a Duchess at least.

The unfortunate widow never for a moment suspected the cruel trick which was about to be played upon her, and at the request of her affianced husband, sold out her money and realized it in gold to be made over to him on the day when the contract was to be signed. The day arrived, and according to custom in France, the relations of both parties attended. The widow's relations, though respectable, were not of the first nobility, being chiefly persons of the *finance* and the *robe:* there was the President of the Court of Arras and his lady, a farmer General, a Judge of a court of Paris, and other such grave and respectable people. As for Monsieur le Comte de la Grinche, he was not bound for names, and having the whole peerage to choose from, brought a host of Montmorencis, Cregmis, de la Tours, and Guises at his back. His Homme d'Affaires brought his papers in a sack, and displayed the plans of his estates, and the titles of his glorious ancestry. The widow's lawyers had her money in sacks, and between the gold on the one side, and the parchments on the other, lay the contract which was to make the widow's 300,000 francs the property of the Count de la Grinche.

The Count de la Grinche was just about to sign, when the Marshal de Villars stepping up to him, said "Captain do you know who the President of the Court of Aix yonder is?—It's old Manasseh, the Jew of Brussels. I pawned a gold watch to him which I stole from Cadogan when I was with Malbrook's army in Flanders."

Here the Duc de la Roche Guyon came forward very much alarmed. "Run me through the body" said his Grace, "but the Controller-General's lady there, is no other than that old hag of a Margoton who keeps the"—here the Duc de la Roche Guyon's voice fell.

Cartouche smiled graciously, and walked up to the table; he took up one of the widow's 15,000 gold pieces—it was as pretty a bit of copper as you could wish to see. "My dear," said he politely, "there is some mistake here, and this business had better stop."

"Count!" gasped the poor widow.

"Count be hanged," said he, "my name is CARTOUCHE."

The Corsair, of Oct. 19th.

A known sinner placed himself on the "anxious seat," at the late camp meeting in New Jersey, and when asked if he were prepared to turn to the Lord, he replied,—"No, but I am *anxious* to get a place in the custom-house."

Picayune.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Sampson, I my thousands slay!"
"Yes," cried a wag, "indeed you do—
And with the self-same weapon too."

There is said to be a bricklayer in Jersey City, so religious, that he last week robbed his journeyman of ten dollars to buy a family bible.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

☞ Wagner is coming to the East, instead of going to New Orleans. He goes into E. J. WILLSON's stable.

Beacon Course Races.—Next week closes the racing campaign at the North. We are not informed what Southern stables will be in attendance, but should regret extremely were *Omega*, *Passenger*, and *Argyle*, and others, to return without giving the New Yorkers an opportunity to admire them. The bill of each day will direct the reader far better than any premonitory of our own what the sport will be. The course is so convenient to town, that fine entries will bring crowds to the stands.

Boston and *Argyle* have gone home, but *Omega* and *Mary West* will be here.

The mail of yesterday brought us a full report of the Nashville races, partially from the pen of the senior editor, now at the West. It is impossible to publish it this week, and we have been compelled to occupy the first page, even, with sporting matter.

Gamma, by Pacific, won a Sweepstakes the first day. Time, 4:04—4:11. A colt by Leviathan won another the same day in 3:55½—3.57—4:06—excellent time on this track, which is fetlock deep in sand.

The two mile purse on Tuesday was taken by *Emily Speed* (a Leviathan) in 3:58—3:56.

Mary Wynn, by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla, won the three mile purse on Wednesday, in 6:12—6:08—6·18, beating a Leviathan, a Bertrand, and a Stockholder.

The next day, *Free Jack* (a Luzborough), won a purse in 4:04—4:06, and the same day *Kenlock* beat *Jebenoiska*, in a match Time, 1:52½.

Osceola, by Pacific, won the Four mile purse on Friday, beating a brother to *Sarah Bladen* and *Picton*. Time, 8:07—8:04—8:35. Picton ran for the first heat, but was beaten handily by Osceola, and in the next heat he was distanced. The Leviathan won the second heat. It was a great race, very exciting from end to end. Picton was the favorite at starting, notwithstanding his fore legs were sprung. He did not break down, but had not his action.

The last day, *Maria Williams* (a Leviathan) won a purse in 1:55--1:53—1:53, beating a Luzborough, a Henry, an Arab, and a Barefoot.

We learn that a match,—$5000 a side, $2000 ft., has been made between Mr. PENDLETON's *Wonder*, by Tychicus, and Mr. LONGSTREET's *Clarion*, to come off the next Spring Meeting at Camden.

The races have come off at Fairfield, but we have no report, *as usual*, nor can we find a word in the Richmond papers as to the result. Mr. HARE entered *Andrewetta* for the four mile purse—tall walking this for the fleet grey.

A letter from one of our correspondents was mislaid last week, but has since turned up. It informed us that Col. OLIVER had postponed the races over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, to the 24th of December, in consequence of the fever. A variety of stakes over the Oakland and Maysville tracks may be found in our advertising columns.

An intelligent lad advertises for a situation as trainer and rider, in our columns to-day. Who wants one? See advertisement on 10th page.

THE RETURN OF "N. OF ARKANSAS."

STEAMER DE KALB, on the Ohio, Oct. 11.

My dear P.—I have set my face once more toward the Arks. But it would take a smart man to tell when I will get there, for the "Belle River" is not quite so *flush* as I have seen it, and spars and anchors have been pretty much the order of the day since I left Louisville.

I have had enough racing to last me the next six months. Indeed, I do not believe I could at this time relish anything in that line short of a contest between Boston and Wagner. The latter I saw as I left Louisville. He was on his way to the Cincinnati boat, and appeared as fresh as a lark. He is a magnificent horse, with less speed than some, but with more game than any horse I ever saw.

There is a Post Stake already opened to come off over the Oakland Course next Fall, 4 mile heats, $3000 each, P. P. It should be a well endorsed note at the time of subscribing, or else *publish every man who fails to pay his forfeits.*

Picton, I am told, is doing very well, and will, in all probability, make good running again. In haste, yours, N.

THE QUEEN'S RACE AT NEWMARKET, &c.

October 10, 1839.

Dear Sir,—In your paper of the 5th inst. you publish an account of the races over the Newmarket Course, which took place the week before last, and credit the "Petersburg Intelligencer" with it. When I saw the account in that paper, I did not think it exactly correct, but did not deem it worth while to offer any explanations till I saw the same account adopted by your paper. This alters the case, for owing to the extensive circulation of your "Spirit" among the sporting community, and the high authority it imparts to all statements in sporting matters, it becomes important to all interested that the utmost care and attention should be used in all statements of facts. I know the editor of the Intelligencer, and a finer or cleverer fellow than he is you will not meet with in an age. But it is his vocation to study the mysteries of political science, and not the arcana of racing; and hence it may happen that he might not be considered *quite up to the mark* in matters belonging to the turf.

It was well known that The Queen was halter-cast some few weeks before the race, and lost a week's work by this accident. She was *fat* when she was placed in the trainer's hands in July, and without any accident had hardly time to be put in order for a four mile race in September. The accident mentioned suspended her exercise for a week or more, I believe, and when she came to the starting-post she was in *rather high* order. I did not think The Queen in "fine order;" on the contrary, it was the opinion of many of her friends that her order did not justify expectations of making a bruising race; and some persons who came to bet on her, declined on that ground backing her at all.

I think, too, that the unusually deep and heavy state of the course made in favor of Boston, and against The Queen and Omega both, for being long striders, the deep sand told on them. The first heat was put on a brush, and Boston outfooted the mares the last half mile to the stand. The second heat was the best heat ever run over the Newmarket Course by several seconds, and considering the heavy state of the course, *much* the best. The Queen was beaten, I suppose, some two lengths. I do not think she had her speed or action on that occasion, and others who had seen her run before, pronounced this to be the case early in the race

I would correct a small error that has crept into your account of the Southampton Fall Races. The Queen won the Proprietor's purse at a *single heat*, her competitor being withdrawn after one heat. Time, 3:58.

Dr. Goodwyn has been breaking some 2 yr. olds; some of them are very promising. The Felt colt, out of Clara Fisher, is a most splendid animal; he is large, has great power and beauty, and "moves like a top." The Emilius colt, out of Trapes, own brother to *Harkaway*, who has won the only race for which he has started, is a very large and promising colt. *Phil Brown*, by Glaucus, out of Bustle, is a handsome colt, and a very pretty goer. Some of them will turn up trumps. Yours, respectfully, I.

SALE OF THE STOCK OF THE HON. BALIE PEYTON & Co.

We have received from one of our special correspondents the details of this extensive sale, made at Nashville during the races. The most gratifying circumstance connected with it is the fact, that Mr. PEYTON himself purchased *Black Maria*, formerly the property of a company. For the character and pedigrees of the stock, the reader is referred to the advertisement, which appeared in our columns for several weeks. Several in the list were reserved or bid in by the proprietors; such are still for sale, and may be found, with their pedigrees, in an advertisement in our paper of to-day.

As the produce of Black Maria and Maria Shepherd were each entered in the great Peyton Stake, and it was desirable to sell them with their engagements, the sense of the Nashville Jockey Club was taken upon the subject, and the following resolution passed:—

Resolved, as the sense of the Nashville Jockey Club, that if different persons shall own or offer to start in the great Stake for $150,000, to be run over the Nashville Course in 1843. four mile heats, both the entries of Balie Peyton and Alexander Henderson, and Balie Peyton and John G. Chalmers, being the produce of Mária Shepherd and Imp. Priam (Hector), and produce of Black Maria and Imp. Luzborough (Great Western), and the person offering to start shall have no interest whatever in the other, either the colt or filly—that under such circumstances, both entries will be competent to run.

L. P. CHEATHAM. Esq., Pres't.
Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 8, 1839. HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary.

The Sale.

No. 1. *Black Maria*, sold to Balie Peyton for	$5000
Her Produce.	
Great Western, (for sale,) price	3000
No 2. *Maria Shepherd*, sold to T. J. Mumford, of Lebanon	2500
Her Produce.	
Darwin, (for sale,) price	1000
Hector, b c, sold to Messrs. Clay & Co.	2000
No. 3. Imp. *Anna Maria*, (for sale,) price	1500
Her Produce.	
Harry Hill, (for sale,) price	2000
Caradori, sold to Henderson & Co	750
Chesnut Colt, (for sale,) price	500
No. 4. *Columbia*	1000
Her Produce.	
Chesnut Colt	500
No. 5 *Magnolia*	1500
Her Produce.	
Tumult, for sale	1250
Outrage, sold to J. G. Sheegog & L. J. Polk	1760
Granda Flora—Alex. Barrow	800
Uproar—Dr. McGarvoch	500
No. 6. *Berenice*	1000
Her Produce.	
Tennessee	1000
Irene	500
Bay Colt, sold to a company from Rutherford Co.	500
No. 7. *Pantinelli*, sold to Vance & McGarvoch	600
No. 8. *Minerva Chance*—J. J. Mumford	1000
Her Produce.	
Chevalier, sold to Alex. Henderson & Co	800
Flora Hastings—Wm. G. Harding	750
No 9. *Anvil*, sold to a company from Rutherford Co.	5000
No. 10. *Phantom*, (for sale,) price	6000
No. 11. *Itawamba*	1000
No. 12. *Cloud*, sold to Alex. Henderson	2000
No. 13. *Reindeer*—Robt. Gift	700

ENGLISH HORSES.

ADELPHI, Liverpool, Sept. 12, 1839.

Dear Porter,—In three days more, all here of the race-going public will be at, or on the way, to Doncaster; where, from the number of fine 3 year olds now on the Turf, the best Leger field for many years is expected to meet. Bloomsbury is first favorite, yet Charles XII. is at the same odds; but still some of the others in my opinion stand almost an equal chance,—but of all this you shall hear as soon as the steamers can carry it.

The 2 year olds are said to be nonpareils; Crucifix is now first for the Oaks, and some others are treading on her heels—Hoyden, Queen Anne, (sister of Gen. Chassé) Dr. Caius, Iris, &c. Those I have seen, seem to me to have fine speed, but if they had a little more substance, they would please me better.

Queen Anne is now here;—much the color of Chassé, but more leggy, and not as coarse or as strong; her back somewhat long, her ribs good, limbs light but firm. She is a race nag, there is no question, but will not campaign as her brother did. She lost a race a few days since at Ayr, by half a neck. Sir James has some heavy matches on her.

Hoyden is by Tomboy, a black, 2 years old, 15 hands 2 inches full; fine in the shoulders, strong back and loin, somewhat high in the flank, and light in her limbs; she is said to be speedy, has won twice, and is matched at Liverpool Spring Meeting with Dr. Caius; him I have not seen, but he is a good one.

Hoyden had one eye hurt a few days since, and I went with the surgeon to Knowsly (the seat of Lord DERBY), to see her; the eye is gone, but this does not interfere with her running. There I saw four yearlings just taken up to break; two of them are fine; one by Voltaire, a blood bay, black legs, and not a white hair on him; he is a colt of fine form and substance, and if he does not race I am no *prophet*.

In another stable there was a chesnut filly, blaze face, and four white legs, small, strong, and beautiful; she is another *Trifle*, and I may have tried to buy her, but his grace is not a selling man, and she has engagements.

In other stables I saw his weaning foals, just taken up; of them two were by Bay Middleton from mares by Velocipede; they were just taken from the mares and thin, but had the look of good ones. I also saw a bay colt by Voltaire; he is in good racing form. I think well of the Voltaires; they have fine substance; the two filly foals are common in size, form, and appearance.

Hereafter you may expect no horse to last on the English turf. See the engagements of Deception and Crucifix,—they are expected to do as much in one year, as *well done*, would require a lifetime. Yours, truly, A.

TRENTON (N. J.) FALL RACES.

The attendance the first day was very thin, caused, no doubt, by the lowering aspect of the morning, which threatened rain. However, towards 11 o'clock it cleared off, and turned out a most beautiful day. The following is the record of the sport:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 22, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Five subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Mary West*, by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion .... *Craig* 1 1
D. McDaniel's ch. f. *Ildica*, by Pacific, out of Delilah by Sir Archy 2 2
Time, 1:52—1:56.

Won easily by the Eclipse filly; the track was in first rate order.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of the dam of Catharine Davis by Sir Archy .... *Craig* 1 1
D. Mc. Daniel's ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon 2 2
Time, 1:54—1:53.

Won easily by the Tonson filly.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Peter Pindar*, by Imp. Daghee, dam by Imp. Barefoot.. rec'd ft.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse $1500, one third to go to the second best horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs .... *Gil. Partrick* 1 1
S. Laird's ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 6 yrs 2 2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs .... dr
Time, 7:57—7:56. Track fine.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
Dr. A. V. Conover's b. c. *Cataract*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the sister of Manalopan's dam .... *Wm. Sears* 1 1
David Toms' b. c. by Marshal Ney, dam by John Richards 2 2
Time, 1:58—2:02. Won cleverly. The winner the favorite at 3 to 1, the morning of the race.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Match, $1000 a side, weights as before; Mile heats.
D. Kelly's ch. c. by Busiris, 3 yrs 1 1
Mr. Cochran's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by old Potomac, 3 yrs 3 2
Time, 1:59—2:00. Won easily.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse $1000, one third to go to the second best horse, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
E. J. Wilson's gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs .... *Gil. Partrick* 3 1 1
Samuel Laird's ch. c. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs 1 2 2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs 2 dist.
Time, 5:48—5:43—5:47.

Time of each mile in each heat:—

First heat.		*Second heat.*		*Third heat.*	
1st mile	1:55	1st mile	1:58	1st mile	1:52
2d mile	1·57	2d mile	1:53	2d mile	1:56
3d mile	1:56	3d mile	1:52	3d mile	1:59

This is perhaps the best three mile race on record. The mare was the favorite against the field. *Trenton* and *Clarion* made all the running in the first heat, the mare pulling up just inside the distance stand.

The second heat was severely contested by Clarion, who lost it by two lengths, and Trenton distanced.

The third heat the mare won cleverly.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $200, conditions as before, Mile heats.
C. S. Lloyd's ch. c. *Prospect*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs .... *Van Mater's Abram* 1 1
J. Sparling's ch. c. *Eliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs 2 2
Time, 1:52—2:00.

The first heat was a race from end to end; the second was won easily.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Purse $600, one third to go to the second best horse, conditions as before; Two mile heats.
J. S. Corbin's Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus, 3 yrs .... *Tilman* 1 4 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, age4 .... 2 1 3
S. Laird's b. c. *Waterloo*, by Imp. Victory out of Maid of the Mill by Duroc, 4 yrs. 4 3 2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Stanhope*, by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs .... 3 2 dist
Time, 4:10—3:53—3:44.

Argyle the favorite vs. the field. A very interesting race throughout, Stanhope contesting the second heat manfully.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
S. Laird's ch. f. *Zenobia*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs. *Gil. Partick* 1 1
J. Sparling's ch. f. *Louisa*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Lady Pilot by Lance, 4 yrs. 3 2
W. Shute's ch. m. *Gypsey*,* by Andrew, out of Flirt, 5 yrs 2 3
Time, 1:52—1:54. Won easily.

* This mare was formerly owned by Major Jones, and called by him *Fidgit*.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES—Concluded.

The non receipt of the report of the sport at Camden in time for the "Spirit" of last Saturday was caused by an accident, and had we known what we now do concerning it, we should not have so cudgelled our unfortunate reporter—"*But it will do him good, any how*," as the man said when he flogged his son every Saturday night, right or wrong.

This race was attended by as large a collection as had graced the course any day of the week—*Mary Selden*, *Clarion*, and *Argyle* were entered for the three mile purse; the last two were the favorites, and the betting was even between them. The friends of both were very sanguine of success, and a man had only to name his bet to have it instantly taken. 126lbs., it was feared, would tell on Argyle; but then Gil. Partrick was to ride him, and that made it about even.

Clarion took the lead, and kept it until the last quarter of the second mile, when Argyle moved up to him, and they ran the whole of the third mile locked, coming in under whip and spur, Argyle winning by a neck.

In the second heat each seemed to take their turns at leading, the speed being slow until the last quarter, when "one and all" tasted steel and gut, but Clarion won by a neck.

The third heat was run very similar to the second, save that the heavy weight on Argyle seemed more plainly to affect him—Clarion won with ease by six open lengths, Mary Selden coming in second.

The Purse race was followed by a match between a Shark and a Star colt, which the former won cleverly. Below is the record:—

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Purse $500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.
Saml. Laird's ch. c. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs 2 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged 1 2 3
Jas. B. Kendall's b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs 3 3 2
Time, 5:48—5:56—5:54.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $2000 a side, $500 ft., weight for age, Two mile heats.
J. D. Kirby's br c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker, 3 yrs 1 1
E. Colman's ch. c. by Star, out of Malinda, 3 yrs 2 2
Time, 4:00 4:09.

CINCINNATI (OHIO) FALL MEETING.

It is an ungrateful duty imposed upon us, to declare that this meeting has proved a complete failure. Our special correspondent, Mr. Leefe, writes us that although the weather was as fine and delightful as could be, the attendance was miserably meagre. The following gentlemen comprise the officers of the Club:—T. D. Carneal, Esq., President; John W. Coleman and N. L. Hager, Esqrs., Vice Presidents; James F. Conover, Esq., Secretary; G. N. Sanders, Esq., Treasurer.

MONDAY, Oct. 14. 1839—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118 7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
G. Coffeen, Jr.'s (Mr. Allen's) b. c. *Robert Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs 3 1 1
J. M. Pindell's ch. c. *Moorehead*, by Medoc, out of Multiflora, 3 yrs 1 3 2
Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Robinson*, by Medoc, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs 2 2 3
Time, 3:43—3:43—3:47. Track 76 yards short of a mile.

Betting, 2 to 1 on Robinson vs. the field. Robt. Bruce ran off with the lead, Robinson lying 2d, and Moorehead some thirty yards in the rear; the favorite at the half mile post, collared Bruce, and gave him the go bye; Moorehead now began to creep up, and ere they came to the last quarter home, he was close upon him, and after an exciting contest beat him by about half a length.—Second heat, Robinson sprang away in front, Bruce next; they continued in this position to the last quarter, where Bruce made a dash, lapped, instantly passed him, and won handily by two lengths—Third heat, Bruce and Robinson went at it from the score; the former shook him off on the back stretch, when Moorehead took up the running and gave Bruce a severe race, but could not come it,—Bruce came in winning cleverly by a length or two.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—*Ohio Breeder's Plate*, value $200, for 3 yr. olds, weights as before; Mile heats.
Geo. Cream's (Isaac Cunningham's) ch. c. *Buck Eye Lad*, by Bertrand, dam by a son of Spread Eagle 1 1
G. Coffeen, Jr's (M. Beach's) ch. c. by Imp. Daghee, dam by Eclipse 2 2
G. H. St. Clair's br. c. *Panic*, by Robert Burns, dam by Windflower 3 3
G. N. Sander's (N. S. Evans') ch. c by Marlborough, dam by Old Court .... dist.
Time, 1:51—1:51. Track short. Won easily.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—*Breeder's Plate*, value $500, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.
T. D. Carneal's (Col. Willa Viley's) b. m. *Catharine*, by Bertrand, out of Black Eyed Susan by Tiger, 5 yrs .... *Jack Welch* 1 1
Geo. N. Sanders' (R. Jordan's) b. c. *George Burbridge*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs 2 2
Time not given.

Betting, 5 and 6 to 1 on the mare. The colt cut out the work till the last half mile, when Jack brought out Catharine like an old Jockey, and won in a canter by six lengths. The second heat the mare won with all ease.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse $600, the second best horse to receive $120, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
T. D. Carneal's (Col. Willa Viley's) ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs .... *Jack* 2 1 1
J S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richards, aged 1 2 0
J. F. Conover's (J. M. Pindell's) b. m. *West Florida*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs 4 4 0
Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Darnley*, by John Richards, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs .... 3 3 dist.
Time, 5:37—5:40—5:40. Track short.

Queen Mary was rather the favorite. On starting Glorvina took the lead, Darnley close up, West Florida 3rd, and Mary some distance behind. The old mare kept in front without any difficulty till at the back stretch in the last round, where Queen Mary challenged, and made a most beautiful race home,—Glorvina won by a length.

Second heat.—The Queen led to the 2d turn, when Darnley went in front. The play was persevered in with great resolution, Darnley leaving his horses several lengths; but on making the last turn to come home, the others began to creep up; at the distance stand the colt gave up his lead, and the Queen and Glorvina made a tremendous struggle for the heat; the filly winning by a neck and shoulder, Darnley about a length behind, and Florida just saving her distance.

Third heat.—West Florida rattled them along to the last mile, Mary and Glorvina running close up, the colt some distance behind, with the saddle upon his neck. In this order they came to the last half mile, where Mary closed in, and gave her a severe rally to the quarter stretch; Glorvina now joined them, and they all ran neck and neck to the stand,—Mary won by about a head; a dead heat between the other two, and Darnley distanced.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse $1000, second best to receive $200, if three or more start, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs	walked over

SAME DAY—Purse $200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Robinson*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	1	1	1
John Voorhees' (Wm. Collins') b. f. *Matilda Landis*, by Ivanhoe, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	3	4	2	2
G. Coffeen's b. h. *Wanton Will*, by Brunswick, dam by Prince Richard, 5 yrs	4	3	4	3
G. N. Sanders' (J. M. Pindell's) *Bob Bush*, by Medoc, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs	1	2	3	4
Geo. St. Clair's (M. Parker's) gr. c. by Fearnaught, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	5	dist.		

Time, 1:49—1:48—1:49—1:49. Track short.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $400, in Gold, conditions as before, Mile heats.

T. D. Carneal's (Col. Willa Viley's) b. f. *Mary Brennan*, by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	1	1
G. N. Sander's b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel, 4 yrs	2	2
W. Thurston's ch. f. *Whirlwind*, by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs	3	dist.
J. F. Conover's (J. M. Pindell's) b. f. *Great Western*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	4	dist.

Time, 1:48—1:49. Track short.

Betting, Occident vs. the field. Mary Brennan made the running, closely pressed by Occident, but who never headed the filly,—she won by two lenghts. The second heat Mary again set off in front, getting some twenty yards advantage in the start. Occident gave her a severe race all the way, she beating him by about half a length.

BARDSTOWN (Ky.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Bardstown Course* commenced on Tuesday, the 8th inst., and the following report of them we have received from one of our special travelling correspondents. The sport was such as to gratify all; the weather was delightful, and the attendance very respectable. The following is a detail of the sport:—

TUESDAY, Sept. 8, 1839—County Purse $100, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

W. S. Davidson's b. c. *Stranger*, by Lance, dam by Wig, 3 yrs	1	1
Z. H. Dorsey's ch. g. by Waxy, dam unknown, 5 yrs	3	2
Jesse Able's b. c. *Orpheus*, by Waxy, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs	2	0
P. W. Croome's ch. c. *Collier Jr.*, by Collier, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs	5	0
H. B. Hopkins' b. c. *Homer*, by Bowman's Bertrand, dam by Paymaster, 3 yrs	4	5
Jas. Croome's b. c. *Ben Hardin*, by Bowman's Bertrand, dam by Imp. Bluster, 3 yrs	dist.	
W. M. Lewis' (R. C. Palmer's) gr. f. *Bonnets o' Blue*, by Abdalrahman, dam Water-Witch, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:54.

Won pretty easily by Stranger, who was the favorite; Orpheus and Collier ran a dead heat for the second place in second heat.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $50, for 2 yr. olds, weights as before; One mile.

Z. H. Dorsey's (Robt. Brasher's) br. c. *Joe Murray*, by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian	1
F. G. Murphy's ch. f. by Dick Singleton, out of Glasscock's Old Spot	2
Geo. Able's (F. E. Hagin's) ch. f. *Betsey Hunter*, by Sir Clinton, dam by Hamiltonian	0
Philip Croome's ch. c. *A. G. Watts*, by Old Court, dam by Curtius	0
T. W. Slemmens' ch. f. *Victoria*, by Victor, dam by Constitution	dist.

Time, 1:59. Dead heat between Betsey Hunter and A. G. Watts.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Citizen's Purse $200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. *Texanna*, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, 4 yrs	1	1
W. T. Ward's b. m. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, dam by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs	4	2
S. Davenport's ch. c. *Sambo*, by Equinox, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs	3	3
Jas. Coomes' b. f. *Sarah Ward*, by Waxy, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 3:50—3:51.

Mary Vaughan the favorite vs. the field. Sarah Ward led off, Texanna 2d; these two made all the running in the 1st heat, Texanna winning by about a length. In the 2d heat Texanna made the running, with Sambo close up, who ran with her for about half a mile, and then gave it up, when Mary Vaughan made a brush and lapped her; they continued close together to the last quarter home; here Mary Vaughan fell back, and Texanna came in, winning hard in hand. Mary Vaughan pulled up lame, and on examining her it was discovered she had let done in the left fore leg.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse $300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs	1	1
W. S. Davidson's b. c. *Stranger*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	2
John Harper's b. c. *Bob Walker*, by Brunswick, dam by Moses, 3 yrs	3	3

Time, 6:11—5:57.

Betting, Missouri vs. the field. She took a lead of several lengths to the half mile post, when Stranger came up and passed, and kept up the running to the last half mile; here Missouri came forward, challenged, and after a smart rally, drew clear and came in about half a length ahead. In the 2d heat, the mare again took the lead, made strong running, and won by half a length, after a beautiful race.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse $400, conditions as before, Four mile heats

S. Davenport's b. f. *Laura*, by Medoc, dam by Moses, 3 yrs	2	1	1
T. J. Robertson's b. h. *Jim Allen*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Hancock's Hamiltonian, aged	3	3	2
W. T. Ward's b. c. *Charlie Fox*, by Waxy, dam by Bucknor's Leviathan, 4 yrs	1	2	dist.
S. T. Drane's ch. m. *Davidilla*, by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip, 5 yrs	dist.		

Time, 8:09—8:01—8:01.

Jim Allen rather the favorite. Charlie Fox and Laura laid in front to the second mile, the former leading a considerable portion of the distance. Jim Allen then took up the running and challenged Charlie; and they went at it full tug the last round, when Charlie, after a severe struggle, shook the old horse off; here the little filly made play, collared, and ran Charlie a hard race home; but he managed to come in about a length ahead.

Second heat.—Betting, Charlie against the field. Laura took the lead, was never headed, and won cleverly by a length

In the 3d heat the filly again made all the running, and won by several lengths, distancing Charlie Fox.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Post Stake of $25 each, weights as before; Mile heats.

S. T. Drane's bl. m. *Diana Crow*, by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 4 yrs	1	1
Saml. Underwood's b. g. *Picton*, pedigree unknown	2	2
C. S. Hawkins' b. f. *Fanny Kendall*, by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:55.

The rider on Fanny Kendall lost a stirrup, which no doubt occasioned her being distanced.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Match, $100 aside; 87lbs. each; Mile heats.

V. Thompson's ch. f. *Nancy Dawson*, by Frank, dam by Voltaire, 3 yrs	1	1
Thos. Lloyd's b. *Nancy Lloyd*, by Skidona	2	dist.

Time, 1:55—2:02.

SATURDAY, Oct 12—Purse $150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. Buford, Jr.'s ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lucy by Orphan, 3 yrs	1	1	1
Wm. McCargo's b. f. *Texanna*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	2	2
S. T. Drane's b. m. *Pocahontas*, by Roanoke, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 5 yrs	4	3	3
W. T. Ward's b. m. *Waxetta*, by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 5 yrs	3	4	4
W. S. Davidson's (Mr. Blackburn's) ch. c. by Collier, dam unknown, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 1:49—1:48—1:51.

Texanna decidedly the favorite. The 1st heat won by about half a length, with a little difficulty; 2d heat won cleverly by three or four lengths; 3d heat won easily, hard in hand.

GALLATIN (Tenn.) FALL RACES—Concluded.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Leefe gave you an account of all our races at Gallatin, except the two last days; these were more interesting than all the rest, and I annex the results. [Mr. Leefe sent us the record of third day's race, but we republish it, to render the description of our valued correspondent intelligible.]

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $20, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Jesse Cage's gr. c. *Mud*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, (the dam of the Queen of Trumps and Lisbon Maid,) 3 yrs	2	2	1	1
Col. Robt. Smith's (M. P. Gentry's) br. f. *Day-Dream*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Figure (the dam of Hanslap) by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	1	3	2	2
Chas. Lewis' b. c. *James House*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, g. d. by Wonder, 3 yrs	4	1	dr	
Maj. D. Burford's ch. f. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Timoleon, out of an own sister to Tenn. Oscar, 3 yrs	2	dr		
Col. Merrell's b. m. by Bertrand, dam by Aratus, 5 yrs	dist.			

Time, 3:52—3:53—4:05—4:01.

Lewis's *James House* is the same colt I predicted would be reported 1—1 at all distances; he was very lame after the 2nd heat, but the fine time he made proves he does not look so much like the best Stockholders for nothing.

The Luzborough filly, *Day-dream*, moves as light as a fairy, and is entitled to rank wiih *Picton* and *Portsmouth*; this was her first training, and not a long one at that. She had on Monday previous ran second in the Wylie Stake, when she was run upon by some nag, and cut in several places on the hind legs. She was like Old Sir Charles. After she had ran two heats in the race, in the third she seemed to have weakened; presently she was apparently brushing with the speed she manifested in the first heat.

Is it a good rule to say that evidence shall only be taken from the regular or patrol judges? I think not, for in the above, although Smith's (Gentry's) filley was injured, yet as it was done on a stretch no patrol saw it.

If I have said so much in favor of the defeated colts, what shall I say of the indescribable *Mud?* It is enough to say that he beat such a field of fine colts, *contending for every heat.* But the way he shoots all the bullets into the same hole proves conclusively he has a Medley cross in him. This was the third race won by his owner (Mr Cage) with colts of his own raising; he deserves such success, for he raises his colts better than any body else. Besides, he is one of Old Hickory's brave Creek soldiers, and is an honor to any Turf, being an honest, candid and truthful man. Success to all such. Cage's horses were all trained by G. B. Williams, renowned as a high-toned warm-hearted benevolent man. The Tennesseans have as much faith in his *training* as they have in Old Hickory's *fighting.* I believe if you were to give him, Johnson Watson, and the rest of the veteran trainers, equal horses, and they were to make a circuit, Williams would *bankrupt the whole of them.* But I wish to say something to you of the best 4 mile race ever run in Tennessee, which was as follows:—

FRIDAY, Sept. 27—Jockey Club Purse $——, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

A. P. Yourie's b. h. *Oseola*, by Pacific, dam by O. H. Perry (a thorough bred son of Gen. Jackson's Truxton), 5 yrs	1	1
Hon. Balie Peyton's b. c. *Phantom*, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia by Phantom (who stood at £52), 4 yrs	3	2
Jesse Cage's b. c. *Leslie*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	2	3
Col. Robt. Smith's gr. f. by Stockholder, dam by Arab, 4 yrs	4	dist.

Time, 7:52—8:06.

Oseola is a deep-shouldered short-backed bay, about 15¾ hands high, with a fine neck and head, which is dished in the face as much as Old Oscar's; though his brisket is deep, yet he is tucked in the flank, and his hind legs are high and well split up. He run three miles and three quarters, in the first heat, with the boy behind the saddle, and was only run 200 yards of the heat at the top of his speed. My opinion is that he can run a heat over the Union course in 7:37 or 40. I have twice seen him run two miles, with his shoes and weight on, in 3:55—he is a high gallant running horse.

Phantom is a rich bay about 15½ hands high, and every inch a race-horse; he is a handsome and very strong built horse; he only ran three quarters of a mile his best in the whole race—this was at the close of the last heat when he gained sixty or seventy yards on Oseola. Many thought if his run had been made one mile sooner, that he would have beat Oseola, while others swore nothing but a *winged* Pegasus could have caught him.

Leslie is another fine bay, in Stockholder form, about 15¾ hands high; he, like the other two, is a fine looking horse, and is entitled to much reputation for running a 4 mile heat, at his tender age, in 7:52, over a track remarkable for slow time. The fact is, the track here and at Gallatin is a disgrace to the State. Our horses never can have any reputation among foreigners until we have training tracks on the inside of our running tracks.

Black Maria was showed at our course on the day the four heats were run; she looked fiery and restless as if she was evidently miffed at not being allowed to participate in a race where four heats were run.

The $500 stake here was won by W. W. Gift's entry by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, gr. dam Virginia, by imported Dare Devil, out of the famous Lady Bolingbroke. This family, Black Maria, and Old Dinauna's horse, have no equal in America. John A. Scott, of Woodville, Miss., owns the above Archy mare, and her three fillies, and the above colt, all by Leviathan; he is a man worthy of such splendid Stock. T. B.

FAYETTE (Mo.) FALL RACES.

[Our paper last week contained a newspaper report of these races, in which several errors or omissions occurred; that of the Secretary subjoined is too excellent to be crowded out, even had the first report been perfect. Will he accept our thanks for his promptitude.]

The Fayette Fall races commenced on Wednesday, the 25th September, 1839, and it being the duty of your humble servant, under one of the rules of "The Fayette Jockey Club," to report the result thereof "to some one of the sporting periodicals of the day" (*par parenthese*—quite impartial you perceive, the rule had just as well have said "The Spirit of the Times" at once, as to have left it to me), I now proceed to do 'that same' with whatever of accuracy within me is;—just here it might be as well to premise that the track was fetlock deep in dust, Professor Espy never having deigned to visit these parts, and we, having to rely on the old fashioned way of getting rain, were sore beset with disappointment for full two weary moons.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Twenty-two subs. at $25 each, P.P. Mile heats.

H. H. Hughes' b. f. by Marmion, dam by Sumpter	1	1
J. Garnett's b. f. by Jack Randolph, dam by Napoleon	2	2
U. Davis' b. f. by Marmion, dam by Rader's Whip	3	dist.
F. Brown's bl. f. by Black Hawk, dam by Sir Archy	4	dist.
J. Prewitt's b. c. by Marmion, dam by Rhodes' Whip	dist.	
A. W. Morrison's b. f. by Marmion, dam by Diomed	dist.	

Time, 1:58—2:05. Track 12 feet over a mile.

There was but little betting on this race. A few days before, the friends of Garnett's filly showed some spunk, but at starting, bets were freely offered with few takers, Hughes' filly against the field. They all got tolerably well off at the start, and the Prewitt colt, one of your real, long-legged, sixteen hands high fellows, ran away from the stand like forty high-pressure steam-engines, and before he got round the first turn, came with a crash against the fence, not unlike an abortive thunder-bolt, doing more harm to himself than to any one else. The Hughes' filly won both heats easily, in hand.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Robt. Sinclair's ch. h. *Limber John*, by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 5 yrs	1	1
Wm. C. Wright's ch. c. *John Miller*, by Uncas, dam by Sir Peyton, 4 yrs	4	2
Thos. Stevenson's ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Saxe Weimar, 3 yrs	2	3
T. W. Patton's b. h. *Jim Sneezer*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Cook's Whip, 5 yrs	3	dist.
W. H. Edgar's ch. m. *Peggy Stride*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 4:01—4:02.

Bets went to and fro upon this race. Small sums were offered and taken upon almost every possible proposition. The principal ones however were on Limber John vs. the field. John Miller did better than was expected, and the Medoc filly was said to be out of fix.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $300 a side, h. ft. One mile.

S. Walden's ch. h. by Little John, 6 yrs	1
M. Cleaton's b. h. by Marmion, 6 yrs	2

Time, 1:55.

There was some betting here. The Marmion was the favorite—2 to 1, 15 to 10, and 10 to 7½ were offered, and some taken. The Little John won it cleverly, and the knowing ones were "sucked in."

FRIDAY, Sept 27—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

T. W. Patton's ch. h. *Ben Franklin*, by Flagellator, out of Medora by Eclipse, aged	1	1
R. Sinclair's gr. h. *Wm. H. Harrison*, by Trumpator, out of Papillon by Doublehead, 6 yrs	3	2
Thos Stevenson's ch. c by Collier, out of Camilla by Sumpter, 4 yrs	2	3
A. Hickerson's b. m. *Betsey Marshall*, by John Richards, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	4	4

Time, 6:08—6:14.

Duke Sumner was in training for this purse, but got "knocked up," and he did not start. There would have been betting, but for the fear that Harrison would "let down." It was said he did let down. As it was, there was a "few" changed hands,—the friends of Duke Sumner freely backing his old competitor, Franklin; thinking, and that truly, that Franklin had got into a "soft snap" for the 500, and could win; and he did win, without the help of the "persuaders." If the Duke had been in the race, there would have been somebody "tore wide open."

SATURDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse $200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. Stevenson's b. c. *Walk-in-the-water*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	1	1	1
John Gibson's ch. h. *Kangaroo*, by Uncas, dam by Orphan, 5 yrs	3	3	2
A. W. Morrison's gr. c. *Little Blue*, by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 3 yrs	2	2	3
W. H. Edgar's ch. c. *Frank Jr.*, by Frank, dam by Furlow, 4 yrs	dist.		
E. Brown's ch. g. *Mont*, by Monticello, dam by Janus, aged	dist.		
W. C. Wright's b. c. by Ravenscroft, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 1:54—1:59—2:06.

There was some betting on this race, and the knowing ones were again "sucked in," but "forked over" the X's, L's, and C's the right way. Kangaroo was the favorite vs. the field, but the "Varmint" couldn't win, and no horse with such a name ought to win. Walk-in-the-Water (change *his* name too, Major, if you please; it always reminds one of a fifteen shilling bull), is a clever colt, and if I'm not mistaken more will be heard of him hereafter. Little Blue (change *his* name too, for he will come to something yet), astonished the natives—no one thought or cared for him, and it was only when he run the Collier to the throat-latch the first heat, that his owner thought, *runt* as he is, that there was some good stuff in him. He was discovered to be sick after the second, and ought not to have been started for the third.

There now, I am done! and if the Jockey Club don't like the way I've done it, they may get some one else to do it. I know what with the races, and a sumptuous dinner served up each day on the field, garnished with a goodly supply of fresh, fat bear meat, your humble servant came out of the 'scrape' none the worse for the wear—sorry I can't say as much for every body.

D. Hunkle, Secretary.

PEORIA (Ill.) FALL RACES.

Peoria, Sept. 30th, 1839.

Dear P.—The races at this place commenced on the 24th, over their beautiful course, (which, by the bye, was hard, and the most favorable to good time of any track I ever saw,) under the auspices of the gentlemanly club that governs it.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24, 1839—Match, $—— a side, catch weights; Mile heats.

Mr. Brown's b. c. by Phantom, dam unknown, 2 yrs	2	1
Mr. J. Crocker's ch. f. by Young Flagen, dam unknown, 2 yrs	1	bolt.

Time, 2d heat, 2:09.

A saddle was then run for by saddle horses, one mile out, which was won by some horse unknown in 1:56, which gave much sport.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Purse $100, for 3 yr. olds.

Mr. Isaac Evans' b. f. by Uncas, dam unknown	1
E. N. Darcy's ch. f. *Beau Catcher*, by Leopold, out of Cranberry	bolt.
Mr. Meredith's b. c.	bolt.

From this race much sport was expected, but alas how uncertain are all earthly things (particularly running colts with such light weights, as yesterday and to-day's race verifies). While the chesnut filly was leading with ease, away she went over the prairie, and away went the bay colt with her, and away went the "*losing betters,*" after them—"d— them colts, stop them"—"stop that sorrel, we have all bet 2 to 1 on her"—"here, fetch her on the track, she can save her distance yet"—"now she goes it"—"no, she has turned inside this time"—"it's all up with her"—"*d— her;* where is the colt?"—"oh yes, the colt, where is he?"—"He, why he is going up to town yonder."—"Well, *d— that colt too.* How are you, my sucker? we are in a bad snap here."—"*I sort o' reckon as how you think now,* that the race is not always to the swift."—"Good, my sucker, I believe that is *scriptur, caus* you are a scriptur man, but no *abolitioner,* nor no *tea totaler nuther,* so come up, here is the rack."—"Well, but don't you *ax this ar* stranger?"—"Yes; come stranger, drink with us."—"I thank you sir, I *guess* I will."—(He says I guess)—'Stranger, you *ar* from the East, I reckon; well you have some '*raal* wild, cat' running out *thar.* That sorrel *mar* is a beauty, but what can *sich* boys do with any sort of a horse. Why, stranger, they arn't no more use on a colt's back, than *words ar in fashionable singing.* Stranger, what weight do they carry in '*Ingland.*'"—"140lbs. Sir, on aged horses."—"That's my beauty, 140lbs.; I '*proclamate*' that I have got a 2 year old bay colt, that I will run against any other 2 year old, each carrying 140lbs., for $100, one mile heats."—"What's that you say, 'old Sinner?'"—"You heard me '*proclamate,*' *that's anuff*; just say *don, and the har* flies."—"Well, *don* it is."—"Good; when is your time."—"Now or neaver, Mr. Leather Coat. Here is the *doc-a-ments.*"—"*Thar,* that covers it; name your nag."—"Oh, she has no name; *thar* she stands."—"Which, that sorrel filly?"—"Yes, good as wheat."

Saddle up, is the word—Another match, shouts the crowd—Clear the course, say the Judges. Mount your riders, was soon heard—and "oh Lordy," if you could only have seen that "Old Sinner" and Leather Coat lead up their 2 year olds—but "I say nothing." However, the sight was no touch to the Judge who started them (not with so unwieldy an instrument as a drum, but) with what old Buckskin called a "*tambrim,*" and the way he struck it was "a caution," for he struck the head of his walking stick completely through it. "*Flap,*" said old Buck, "you *varmint,* you shall pay for that *ar.*" Away went the 2 year olds, and away went the crowd, pell mell—"That's *doin' ut honest,* as *we's* do it in *Hingland,*" (said a man in a velvet half surtout,) "that's going it; them tackeys will never run off with them *Hinglish* weights on."—"You may well say that," says Handsaw, "they will never run *off* nor run *back* either."—"My *hies!* won't they! I says they comes round in 2m. 25 sec., for $50," says the *Hinglisher.*—"Done," says Handsaw.—"Money up," says both, "*good as wheat.*"—"May-be, Mr. Broad Coat, you would sort o' like to say $50 more on 2m. 20 sec."—"Yes, I takes half *ut.*"—Done—money up—as good as wheat.

But here they come—go it, my colt—go it, my filly—huzzah, the filly wins. "I say, stranger, what was the time; I see's you with a watch in your '*and.*'"—"2m. 15 sec., Sir."—"Hurrah for old *Hingland*; do you think to catch a *Hinglisher* with 140lbs., Mr. Handsaw."—"Well, I don't think we ought to run our horses with 140lbs. on, nor do anything else *as is* English, Mr. Broadtail."—"But now you *see's* them tackies did not bolt—gave us good sport, and made good time too, for two year olds, with such enormous weights."—"Oh, hang your weights, and the money too; I don't like to talk with an Englishman, no way you can fix it."—"Come and drink some '*hale,*' it will fill you '*hout,*' and widen your face." But Handsaw "*slid*" into the crowd. Second heat won by the filly with ease—time, 2:24.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Purse $——, Two mile heats.

Mr. P. J. Jones' b. h. *Sir William*, by Sir William, dam by Rattler, aged	1	1
Mr. G. D. Sites' ch. h. *Hard Heart*, by Sir Charles, Jr., dam by Walnut, 5 yrs	2	2
E. N. Darcy's b. h. *Lancer*, by Lance, out of Lady Forrest, aged	dist.	

Time, 4:57—4:59.

The above was a very pretty race. Lancer had the appearance of being capable of running over them in the first mile, but he had not recovered from a dosing he underwent two years and a half since—was stiff and contracted in his stride, and became so sore in a mile and a half, as to be forced to "give it up."

FRIDAY, Sept. 27—Purse $——, Three mile heats.

Mr. Nathan Brown's b. h. *Phantom*, by Imp. Contract, dam by Potomac, aged	1	1
E. N. Darcy's ch. h. *Rights of Man*, by Leopold, out of Sweet Erin, 5 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 6:13—6:20.

Rights of Man was vastly the favorite, on account of his running a very good race at this place two years ago, and also his having run the first three miles of a 2d four mile heat in 5:50. But "*favorites cannot win,*" (as was the case in every instance at these races,) and he was distanced in 6m. and 20 sec. He was much out of condition, as proven by the time. Stranger.

VAN BUREN (Arks.) FALL RACES.

Dear Sir,—Annexed you have a report of the races that came off on the 24th and 26th of August, over the *Fort Smith Course,* agreeable to rule.

SATURDAY, Aug. 24, 1839—Match, $1000 a side, Two mile heats.

S. May's b. f. *Eliza Ross*, by Marmion, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs	1	1
H. L. French's b. c. *Hannibal*, by O'Kelly, out of Roxana by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 5:00—4:50.

Track very heavy. Hannibal the favorite at starting at 100 to 80.

MONDAY, Aug. 26—Match, $250 a side; 90lbs. each; One mile.

H. L. French's ch. f. *Delphine*, by Sumpter	1
S. May's b. g. *Captain Bluster*	2

Time, 2:04.

Captain Bluster the favorite at starting at 80 to 60, and but few takers.

We have a prospect of fine sport on the Fort Smith and Van Buren courses this Fall. There are now five stables in training, and as we train horses here for the purpose of running, and each stable thinks they have the fastest nags, we shall have a warm contested race for each day; but, Mr. Editor, you must not expect any extraordinary quick time to be made here, as our watches have not the "go along" in them like your Northern watches, that have been upon race tracks ever since they were made. Yours, &c. J. A. Scott.

BEACON COURSE TROTTING.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle.

H. Woodruff's gr. g. *Damon*	1	2	1	2	1
P. Wheelan's br. g. *Cato*	3	1	4	4	2
Mr. Hough's br. g. *Hap-hazard*	2	3	3	3	3
I. Woodruff's ro. g. *Jack Frost*	4	4	2	1	4

Time, 2:47½—2:48—2:49—2:52—2:51.

SAME DAY—Match, $500 to $300 on Lady Suffolk against Don Juan. Two mile heats under the saddle.

D. Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	1	1
H. Woodruff's ch. g. *Don Juan*	2	2

Time, 5:14—5:24.

ENGLISH RACES.

WARWICK RACES.

By the completion of the Birmingham railway these races are almost as accessible to the metropolitan admirers of the turf as Ascot; such, in fact, is now the rapidity of communication, that, whereas Warwick was formerly a full day's journey from town, it is now in the power of those to whom time is an object to start at six in the morning, take a passing peep at Kenilworth, pop into Warwick Castle, see the whole of the races, and, without being hurried, return to town the same night; a distance of 200 miles and five hours of pleasant amusement being accomplished in about seventeen hours! Manchester and Liverpool are brought as near, and thus great numbers who, had the old style of travelling prevailed, would have remained at home or gone partridge-shooting, were induced to visit a place which is as celebrated for the excellence of its sport as it is for its many local and historical associations.

The meeting to which the journey has become so short commenced on Tuesday and finished on Thursday. To say that it was well attended would give a faint idea of the extent of patronage bestowed upon it; almost every countenance seen on public days at Hyde Park corner, two-thirds of the "Manchester division," delegates from Yorkshire, and every other sporting county, were congregated within the ancient city; all the hotels were full, too full, indeed, for many parties were "favored" with "beds out," at half a guinea per night, the excuse given for so extravagant a charge being that "no one made up a bed under a guinea;" a select few, more fortunate, discovered this in time, and domiciled at Leamington. We recommend the inhabitants not to neutralize their own exertions in favor of the races by persevering in this system of "nailing" their visitors—Leamington is only two miles from the course, and can furnish ample accommodation at moderate and remunerating prices. Besides the sporting classes there was a strong influx of fashionables, including the Earl of Warwick and family, Earl of Aylesford, Earl Craven, Lord Leigh, Lord G. Bentinck, Lord Brooke, Lord Eastnor, Lord Newport, Lord Pollington, Lord Crownlow and family, Lord E. Howard, Sirs C. Douglas, M. Phillips, H. Goodricke, J. Mordaunt, and E. Hartop; Messrs. Payne, Adderley, J. Bayly, Lucy, Mills, Drinkwater, Lamb, Crommelin, Worrall, Collins, M.P., Tomes, W. Payne, Barnarn, Boltby, Holden, Bristow, Griffiths, Rathbone, &c.

The list for Tuesday had much to attract, and had the "glass" been favorable would doubtless have ensured a large company; the reverse, however, was the case, the rain having descended without ceasing until two o'clock, and, with short intervals, from that hour to the close of the day. The course was heavy and sticky, and the road to it ancle deep in mud; with such repellants a full attendance could not have been expected; nevertheless the stand was crammed, and there was a tolerable show of carriages at the side of the course; the sport was good, and, in spite of rain and dirt, afforded much satisfaction to the spectators. The following are the particulars:—

TUESDAY, Sept. 3.

The *Guy Stakes* of 50 sovs each, h. ft, for three year old colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb; untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb; if both 4lb; one mile; 13 subs.

Mr. Bristow's ch. f. *Susanna*, by Dr Faustus—Mary, 8st 4lb	Chapple	1
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Chilson, by Fungus—Ruby, 8st 4lb	W. Day	2
Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Romaika, by Rowton—Katherina, 8st 1lb	Conelly	3
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. by Langar, out of Kalmia, 8st 4lb	W. Lear	4

The betting opened at 6 to 4 on Chilson, and finished at evens, Susanna rising from 5 to 2 to 6 to 4.—Susanna went off with the lead, followed by the Langar colt and Romaika, until within a quarter of a mile of home, when the colt dropped off, and Chilson took his place; at the distance he went to Susanna's quarters, and at the stand challenged her, but, after a severe contest, was defeated by half a neck, without having once reached her head. Romaika was several lengths behind, and the Langar colt "nowhere."

The *Leamington Stakes* of 25 sovs each. 15 ft, and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 sovs added by the town of Leamington; two miles: 74 subs, of whom 45 declared.

Mr. Collins' gr. g. *Isaac*, aged, 8st 3lb	Darling	1
Fulwar Craven's ch. h. Barnacles, 6 yrs, 8st 5lb	Conelly	2
Mr. Copeland's b. h. King Cole, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb	Marlow	3
Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, 5 yrs, 7st 13lb	Chapple	4
Lord Warwick's b. c. Melodrama, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb	Dodgson	0
Mr. W. Benham's b. f. Query, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb (carried 6st 12lb)	Whitehouse	0

With no other recommendations than public running and the weights put on their backs, Barnacles and Isaac would have been the favorites; but, in addition to these, both are tried good ones through dirt; Barnacles proved this at Goodwood, and Isaac at Oxford and many other places; it is not surprising, therefore, that the former was backed at 6 to 4, and the grey at 5 to 2, while 7 to 1 was offered agst Lugwardine, and the same agst King Cole.—Query took the lead at as good a pace as she could make it, followed by Melodrama, Lugwardine and King Cole lying next, and the two favorites in the rear, nearly abreast; they maintained these positions for a mile and a half, when Lugwardine, not liking the mud, dropped astern; Isaac now took the third place, and kept it to the turn, where he went right to the front, followed by Barnacles, and by these two was the race finished. Barnacles reached the grey's quarters half way up to the distance, but was shaken off in three or four strides, and in the end beaten cleverly by a length; King Cole was third, Lugwardine fourth, Query fifth, and Melodrama last, with long intervals between each. Isaac's victory, his twelfth in succession, elicited a most gratifying expression of esteem towards Mr. Collins (Member for the Borough) and his excellent father-in-law, Mr. Tomes, one of the oldest, firmest, and most disinterested supporters of Warwick races—the cheering was long and enthusiastic from all parts of the course.

A *Sweepstakes* of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; heats, two miles; three subs.

Mr. Isaac Day's ch. c. *Tamburini*, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb	Pavis	1	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb	W. Day	3	2
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f Piccotee, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb	Darling	2	d

First heat—6 to 4 on Ratsbane.—Piccotee made play till half way up the distance, where Tamburini went up, defeated her at the stand, and won cleverly; Ratsbane did not run for the heat.

Second heat—6 to 4 on Ratsbane, who cut out the work this time, Tamburini waiting on him to the turn into straight running, where he went to him, and they ran home head and head, the young one's being first as they ran by the winning chair.

The *St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, with 30 added; once round a distance; three subs.

Mr. Collett's br. c. *The Dean*, 8st 2lb	Whitehouse	1
Mr. Fowler's br. c. Profligate, 8st 2lb	Darling	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Profligate.—The Dean made the running at a slow pace, Profligate waiting on him to the distance, where he challenged, and without ever getting to his opponent's head, ran a good race home, the non-favorite winning by half a length.

The *Yeomanry Plate* of £50, and 10 sovs to the second, 12st each; winners of any public race 7lb twice 14lb, and three times or more 21 lb extra; to be ridden by members of the regiment; two miles.

Mr. Stanley's b. m. *Helen*, by Troy	Owner	1
Mr. Peark's b. g. Daring Ranger		2
Mr. Davis' b. g. Warwick		3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Helen, who won easy.

The race ordinary was held this evening at the Court House, and was attended by the Stewards (Lord Brooke in the chair), Lords Aylesford, Bradford Leigh, Pollington, Newport, G. Bentinck, and E. Howard; Sirs J. Mordaunt, C. Douglas, and E. Hartopp; Messrs. W. Payne, E. Peel, Worrall, Collins, M.P., Barnard, Twamley (Mayor of Warwick), Drinkwater, Lucy, Boltby, Holden, Rathbone, Bristow, Griffiths, and thirty other gentlemen, being the fullest attendance ever known, and a well-merited compliment to one of the most popular stewardships on record. We have not space for the many excellent speeches delivered in the course of a very pleasant evening; it must suffice to state that the strongest assurances were given by the worthy Mayor that the exertions and contributions on the part of the inhabitants should be worthy the patronage bestowed on the races, and that nothing should be wanting to induce the country gentlemen to extend their support. Before the party broke up nearly sixty names were put down for the Leamington Stakes next year, and fourteen or fifteen for the Cup; Lord G. Bentinck, the Hon. —— Hewitt, and Capt. Dilkes, were appointed Stewards.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4.

The unexpected fineness of the weather had a favorable effect on the attendance, which, in number and fashion, was brilliant in the extreme; the stand was again crowded, several of its visitors having arrived in carriages and four from their seats in the vicinity of Warwick; the upper side of the course was lined from the top to the turn, while hundreds of horsemen gallopped about in the enclosed space after the Epsom fashion, much to the enlivenment of the scene, and not a little to the terror of those congregated near the hill; taken altogether, the display reminded us of Warwick in its best days, and afforded grounds for anticipating beneficial results from the new Stewardship. The racing came off as follows:—

A *Sweepstakes* of 25 sovs each, for two year old colts 8st 5lb, fillies 8st 3lb; T.Y.C.; five subs.

Mr. T. Critchley's bl. c. *Dunstan*, by St. Nicholos, out of Aglaia	Whitehouse	1
Mr. Flintoff's br. c. The Plover, by Muley	Calloway	2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Dunstan.—The two got off nearly abreast, and kept on until within two distances of home, when Dunstan took a decided lead, kept it to the end, and won cleverly by nearly a length; the pace was severe.

The *Warwick Cup*, in specie, by sub. of 10 sovs each; three year olds 6st 5lb, four 8st 3lb, five 8st 13lb, six and aged 9st 5lb; mares and geldings allowed 2lb; four miles; 15 subs.

Duke of Richmond's *Confusionee*, 3 yrs	Howlett	1
Mr. Collins' Isaac, aged	Darling	2
Mr. Isaac Day's Caravan, 5 yrs	Pavis	3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Confusionee, 2 to 1 agst Isaac, and 9 to 2 agst Caravan. Isaac took a lead of two or three lengths at a capital pace, Confusionee lying next, and Caravan four or five lengths behind her; they ran in this way to the new ground in the first circuit of the course, where Caravan trebled the space which had previously separated him from the mare, and that the stickiness of the ground had put his chance out appeared more than probable. At the commencement of the second, however, he resumed his position, Isaac still retaining a lead of two or three lengths of the mare, who was pulling hard. This order of running was kept up to the turn into the straight course, where Caravan joined the mare, and looked very much like winning; at the distance the three closed, and the race became exceedingly interesting; it was heads and tails for choice till they reached the corner of the stand, where Caravan gave way, and Confusionee got her head before the old grey, who, after fighting gallantly to the end, was beaten by half a neck only, Caravan passing the post about a length behind them. The race was completed in seven minutes and a half, and was run with remarkable truth throughout; the defeat was honorable to Isaac, who may safely claim it as his best performance. We cannot close our notice of this race without joining in the praise so generally bestowed on Howlett's riding: this mite of a jock, who can go to scale, saddle and all, under four stone, rode with a patience, judgment, and self possession, which elicited the strongest expressions of admiration from all parties.

A *Plate* of £50, given by the Members of the Borough, for maiden horses and those that never won more than £50 at any one time before starting; three year olds 7st, four 8st 3lb, five 8st 9lb, six and aged 8st 13lb; winners 3lb extra; mares and geldings allowed 2lb; heats, two miles.

Lord Brooke's ch. f. *Petty Larceny*, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb	Whitehouse	1	1
Mr. T. Walters' ch. m. Fairy, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb	Marlow	0	2
Mr. Tomes' b. f. Eliza, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb	Darling	0	3
Mr. Cavendish's b. m. Isabella, 3 yrs, (h. b.) 6st 12lb	Richards	2	0
Mr. W. Hervey's gr. c. Master Eady, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb	Hucken	0	0
Mr. J. Day's br. f. Canace, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	W. Day	3	dr

Betting: 6 to 4 on Petty Larceny before, and 7 to 2 on her after the first heat; she made the running in each heat, winning the first by a length, and the second in a canter.

A *Hunter's Stakes* of 10 sovs each; heats, two miles.

Mr. Collett's *Duenna*, aged, 12st 7lb	Sanders	1	1
Mr. Shirley's Single Peeper, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb		2	2
Mr. Hawkes' b. c. Sarcophagus, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb		3	3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Duenna before, and 3 to 1 on her after, the first heat.—Won easy.

At the ordinary this evening, which was attended by between twenty and thirty noblemen and gentlemen, several additions were made to the Cup and Leamington Stakes, and one or two bets made that the subscriptions to the latter would reach 100.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5.

Notwithstanding the gloomy state of the sky, and an occasional sprinkle, there was a good show of company, which included most of the fashionables whose names are given in our return of the first day. The following is an account of the sport.

The *Castle Park Stakes* of 10 sovs each, for three and four year olds; one mile; five subscribers.

Mr. Collett's br. c. *The Dean*, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb	Whitehouse	1
Mr Fowler's br. c. Profligate, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb	Dodgson	2
Lord Warwick's ch. f. Petty Larceny, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb	Martin	3

Betting: 6 to 5 on Petty Larceny, 2 to 1 agst The Dean, and 5 to 2 agst Profligate. Profligate and Petty Larceny (fit companions) went away nearly abreast and kept so for about half a mile, when the filly took up the work as if she meant mischief; at the turn, however, she convinced her noble owner that "three hundred" was rather above her value, by retiring from the contest. Profligate then went in, but his career was as short-lived as the filly's, for his reverend opponent, after waiting patiently two or three lengths astern, went to the front at the turn, kept there to the end, and won easy by a length. The filly was beaten off a long way.

The *Stand Stakes* (Handicap) of 10 sovs each, h. ft, with 30 added; two miles; five subs.

Mr. Collins' gr. g. *Isaac*, aged, 8st 10lb	Darling	1
Mr. Buckley's ch. f. Lillie, 3 yrs, 6st (carried 6st 5lb)	J. Jones	2
Mr. Bristow's ch. f. Susanna, 3 yrs, 6st	Howlett	3

Betting: 3 to 1 on Isaac. The running was made by Susanna, Isaac following her to the bottom of the hill, where he went on with the running at a good pace; at the turn into the straight course Susanna died away and Lillie took her place, but without catching the old horse, who won cleverly by a length.

The *Queen's Plate* of 100 guineas; heats two miles.

Mr. Isaac Day's *Caravan*, 5 yrs, 10st	Pavis	1	1
Duke of Richmond's Confusionee, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb	W. Day	3	2
Mr. Collins' Isaac, aged, 10st 3lb	Darling	2	dr

First heat: Even on Confusionee; 2 to 1 agst Isaac, and 3 to 1 agst Caravan, who made all the running with a lead of three or four lengths, was never even approached, and won in a canter; the filly did not run for the heat.

Second heat: 6 to 4 on Confusionee, who went off with the lead at a smart pace, which she maintained to the meadows; here Caravan began to draw upon her, but did not attempt to head her till near the stand, where he passed her by two or three lengths; she struggled, however, so gallantly to the end, that the horse won by only half a neck.

The *Town Plate* of £50; heats, two miles.

Mr. Isaac Day's ch c. *Tamburini*, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb	Pavis	0	1	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb	W. Day	1	0	2
Mr. Collins' b. f. Query, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb	Darling	3	2	3
Lord Warwick's b. c. Melo-drame, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb	Marlow	2	3	dr
Mr. Holloway's ch. f. Magna Charta, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb	Bemetzreider	4	dr	

First heat—Betting: 6 to 4 agst Ratsbane, 6 to 4 agst Tamburini, 4 to 1 agst Query.—Query and Ratsbane went in front for about 100 yards, when the mare gained the advantage, and carried on the running for about a mile; Ratsbane then went away at a good pace, Melo-drame following him, and making a good race home, Ratsbane winning by half a neck; Tamburini just saved his distance.

Second heat—Ratsbane a better favorite; little said about the others. Query made fast running, Tamburini lying second to the stand in going out, where Melo-drame took second place, and continued it to the flat; Tamburini now began to get forward, reached the mare before coming to the turn, and in the end won rather easily by a length.

Third heat—Betting: 3 to 1 on Ratsbane.—Query again made running, Ratsbane second, Tamburini lying at his quarters over the hill and into the flat, when the two passed the mare, and for the last quarter of a mile ran as fine a race as was ever witnessed, the young one just winning by half a neck. The rain came down very plenteously during the last two heats, giving the jocks a regular soaking.

GHENT RACES.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

There are some words that will *not* mix. Like oil and water, or husband and wife, or any other chemical ingredients of remote affinities, they may be brought into juxta-position, but into *bona fide* union never. Take the two words that form the heading of this article, for instance. We'll bet a pipe of port to a Dutch halfpenny that there is not one of the numerous readers of the N. S. M (though their name *be* legion) that can tell at the first blush of the matter what to make of it. Nay, such is its queerness, that our very printer's devil (and heaven knows he meets with queer things enough in his practice), has actually waited upon us to know if there was not some *erratum* of orthography, and if it would not be better, instead of "*Gent* Races" to *lege* "Amateur Races," if only for the sake of euphony—at which word, euphony, we cut the gentleman short by kicking him down three pair of stairs "back," and flinging the copy after him over the banisters. Ghent, Gand, Gend, Gaunt, Gands, spell it how you will, for each of these ways is legitimate—is understandable enough. Nothing can be more distinct than the idea it conjures up: nothing more prompt than the associations that flock round it. There, at the head of 'em, is Edward the Black Prince, clad in complete armor, looking as sombre and surly as if he'd had a bottle of Warren's blacking poured over him. Close at his elbow is glorious old Jacob von Artaveld, with his spigot in one hand and broadsword in the other. Grouping themselves into a most Drury-lane-like tableau behind, are the immortal White Hoods, brandishing their battle-axes and breathing death and vengeance to the tyrant and the oppressor. So far, we say, all is well—"classical and amphitheatrish," as Ducrow would say: but try now to mix up these elements with those arising from the second word of the phrase. John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, the hero of Cressy and Poictiers. Here's a right and true list of all the running horses—Jacob Artaveld the liberator of his country, the Cæsar of the fourteenth century—Gentlemen, make your game: one to the rod, two to the black, and five to the blue: Sir, your's is a bad half crown: stand out of the way, you little boys, will you? Blue wins. Honor to the White Hoods! that glorious band of patriots, before whose victorious arms tyrants trembled on their thrones, and oppression hid her snaky head in the bowels of the earth! Glory to the White Hoods!—four to one on White Cap: what'll you bet I don't name the winner? five to four on Jim Crow, &c. &c. &c. We have been forced to say thus much of preliminary, by way of bringing our readers' minds by gentle degrees to comprehend the seeming incompatibility of our heading. In fact, then, the Ghent there spoken of is the very Ghent they have been so familiar with from their youth; the Ghent where our "glorious John" was born; the Ghent immortalized in the pages of old Froissart's Chronicles: and the races there alluded to are downright, *bona fide* horse races, with "names, weights, *and* colors," jockies, grand-stands, and winning-chairs, just the same (only with a difference) as in Old England. I said with a difference. And by Jove, *what* a difference from anything that John Bull ever saw at Epsom, Doncaster, or Newmarket! But let us begin at the beginning, and try for once to sober ourselves down to the dignity of the historical. Now for a touch of Gibbon:—

In the year of our Lord—oh, lord, that'll never do! Try again—

It was a glorious day last Wednesday, July the 3d, when my friend and I set out per railroad from Brussels to attend the races at Ghent. After a capital "Romestack a-l'Anglaise," at the Hotel de la Poste (a most delightful inn, with the civilest people in the world to wait upon you), we proceeded to the scene of action, the *Plaine de St. Denis*, about three miles from the town. The road to the course was in its whole length *crowded* with people; some on foot, some on horseback, some in carriages. In the field-paths it was a regular jostle, and from the absence of all fencing by the way-side, the farmers would suffer a good deal on the score of damaged corn. What made us open the eyes of astonishment as much as anything was to observe that most of the young women (old ones, too, only we didn't *observe* them quite so closely) had turned out without either bonnet or umbrella, just as if they were taking a stroll to the end of the garden instead of a journey of six miles into the open country, where the chances of shelter were by no means commensurate with the probabilities of a good soaking. However, as it turned out, the weather was fine, and the sun breaking forth soon after, exhibited in all their brilliancy the glowing colors of the fair Flemings' dresses and the still more rich tones of their complexions. To those who wish for a picture of the modern Flemish belle, as seen at this day in any part of Flanders, from the Scheldt to the Lys, I have only to say, walk up to the first picture of Reubens, Rembrandt, or Teniers, you find in your way, and there you have her as accurately depicted as if she had sat for her portrait but yesterday: face, figure, dress, air, everything just the same as she appears on the canvas of the old limners. The men, too (the countrymen, I mean), are just the same jolly, thick-set, heavy-headed looking dogs as figure in those immortal works under the titles of "Boors Drinking," "Flemish Card Party," "Rustic Singers," and the like. The little "babes and sucklings" also, are exactly the same round-headed, bullet-eyed urchins that we *hear* squalling in the same old paintings; and when you go into a curiosity shop and contemplate the *genuine Holbein* on the wall and the *genuine* Flemish child in the corner, you have much ado to tell us which is which. But to return to our races. The houses by the way-side, town and country, were crammed with spectators: every window had its separate party: and every pane its particular head. And I'm shocked to say that at more than one of these panes, the head thus exhibited was that of *a nun*. Oh fie! What would Saint Begge with her milk white fawn say to this, fair *sœurs béguines*, if she were to know? And what will your father confessor say, when you appear before him after mass, to-morrow morning? Never mind: tell him its never too late to mend:—

"*Sera* nun-*quam est ad bonos mores via.*"

But it's time we were at the course. Here we are, then, in the thick of the fight: and if we thought the numbers were great as we came along to the race, what do we think now that we are fairly arrived? Why, there cannot be a man, woman, or child left at home in all "Flandre Orientale." There is all the world and his wife—and all their children and grandchildren. A military band is playing: flags are flying: everybody is drest in his and (be sure) *her* best: the sun is shining: the horses are parading before the stand: and all is glad and gay. In some particulars we are reminded of a race-course in England. There are the same holiday groups crowding and jostling one another at the ropes, and determined to carry the *I've-as-much-right-here-as-you* principle to its utmost length: the same purveyors of eatables and drinkables, wandering about with their baskets and painted kegs—only that instead of Scotch ale and Irish porter they offer you kirschewasser and Brusselschen faro; and in lieu of oranges and gingerbread nuts, you are tempted with baskets of roasted *beans* and *dried salt-fish! Disgust-ibus non est!* Gaming-tables, too, are whirling about in every direction, but of the humblest sort and for the humblest stakes. At some of these, little boys play for prizes of cakes and gingerbread, and I very much question if the noble lord who leaves Crockford's with his pocketful of bank notes feels half the satisfaction of the young urchin who walks away with his prize of *pain d'épicez*, or nicely-sugared *brioche*. There are no shows—and no booths. Mr. Merryman and the Crown and the Crown and Anchor are undreamt of here. Even Punchinello did not make his appearance once during the whole day. Of course the "neat turn-outs" are numerous, and not more numerous than various in their styles. Here we meet with a dashing Low-country swell, tooling along his bit of blood in a slap-up "tilbury a l'Anglaise:" there comes a mustachio'd Baron from Spa, in his lumbering cab a la Francaise: now we are suddenly assailed with a "tingling in our ears:" and looking up we see a coach and four conducted by monstrous postillions in monstrous jack-boots, and the tits hung with bells like a church-steeple. But the crack equipage of the day was a four-in hand, in which the leaders were clothed in *tiger-skins*, and the wheelers in a sort of blue and white pinafores, made of some sort of stuff very much resembling our bed-ticking.

We have now made our way to the grand stand—only it is *not* a grand stand, but a "Tribune des Autorites;" said tribune being built very much after the fashion of a Bartlemy fair booth, with raw deal planks, and sawdust over the floor by way of Turkey carpeting. On each side of the authorities is a smaller variety of the same species, labelled "Tribune des Membres Honoraires." To these two outer booths ladies are admitted, on certain forms of ticketing being gone through: the centre, like the Turkish heaven, being open only to masculine worth. Behind the tribunes are wooden boxes for saddling, &c.; very snug and comfortable, and "quite correct." On the *opposite* side of the course are two portions boarded off; one is occupied by the regimental band before alluded to, which plays all its ugliest tunes between the heats, and *at starting!* a sort of accompaniment not at all to the taste of some of the English horses engaged in the undertaking: the other is for such of the foot people as would rather give tenpence to stand on the *inside* of the course than nothing to stand on the out—"*Enceinte reservee pour les pietons: Prix d'entree, 1 franc.*"

As for the course itself, it is, to use a very expressive English phrase, rough middling. It embraces a ring of about a mile in extent—only that the ring is not a very round one, some of the corners being enough to break a horse's leg off, and much of the *terrain* is deep and sandy. But silence! the running is going to begin: the "authorities" are hastening to their places, with crimson ribbons round their arms, and bows as big as peonies; the "membres honoraires" are getting out their spectacles and wiping their eye-glasses: the ladies are looking as interesting *as they can* in the matter, though it's easy to be seen they enjoy the flirtations between the heats much more than the running itself. The horses are saddled and jockies mounted, and now a way is cleared for them by the persons provided for that purpose. Yes, but what *persons?* Guess, gentle reader! No, *that* you can't, though I should give you from now till next Midsummer twelvemonth. Not men with long poles and rheumatic joints, looking like a draft out of the nearest hospital, as we sometime see 'em on our own courses: not the more aristocratic gentlemen in scarlet coats and lilly white smalls, who sometimes appear at our hunt meetings. No; the clearers on this occasion are neither more nor less than *mounted men in armor!* regular cuirassiere, with breastplates and helmets, and long drawn cutlasses in their hands, as dreadful as you can wish; and by the manner in which they administer doses of the flat of their swords across the brawny shoulders of the refractory Gerard Dows and Peter Varloos in the crowd, you may see pretty plainly that they don't mean their beards to be laughed at. Besides these mounted warriors there is another body, of foot soldiers, to assist in keeping the course clear. The manner of doing this, I think, a very good one, and on this point we Englishers might borrow a wrinkle. On each side of the course is a double line of ropes, about a yard apart. Between these two ropes tha soldiers pace up and down, having on one side of them the course *perfectly clear*, and on the other the spectators. The advantage of this is obvious. The public obtain just as good a view of the proceeding, while that great desideratum is obtained, the keeping the course *clear of the clearers*.

We talked just now of horses saddled and jockies mounted; but that was all gammon—mere poetical licence. It was for "chevaux nes et eleves dans le Flandres: prix 2000 francs;" and M. Spitaels' *Flanders mare*, Taglioni, being the only entry, of course carried off the money. The race for the three-year-olds ("indigenes") came off next. Five started—Fée, Fils d'Actress, Bizarre, Bélida, and "Moonrakker." They came up in the order in which I have written their names, only rather wider apart; Bélida and Moonrakker being in the emphatical language of the Belgian turf, "*distances*." Apropos of this race, I have only to add the "genealogie" of the winner, as given in the authorized "right and true list" of the day. "Young Schakespear et Fraid, *par* St. Patrick et Tontini, *par* Election et Pope Jean, *by* Waxy Prunella, *by* Highflyer." A nicer bit of dog French it has seldom been my lot to meet with. I may mention, too, that by a nota at the head of this race it is stated that "Le cheval vainqueur dans le sweep-stake du 1er Juillet, 1839, portera de ce chef 2 kilog. en plus, pour etre admis a cette course." I should like to see the look of an old Newmarket jockey when assured that he must carry two *kilograms* extra—or that, in default of that, he would be excluded from the *hippodrome!* To be sure we have got the last horrid name in our own country, and it is a disgrace to it. How any gentleman sportsman can make up his mind to patronize a place with such a nomenclature as this, is more than we can make out. I shall never forget the answer of a Bull and Mouth sporting cad, when I asked him one day, "Why the devil do they call this a hippodrome, when it's nothing but a race course?" "Vy," says he, "it's all along of the fashion; they ust to call 'em race courses ven I vas a b'y, and the osses they ust to call race osses: that vos all right, you know: but now, instid of race-courses, they calls 'em hippodromes, and, instid of race-osses they calls 'em hippopotam-osses."

The next article in the Ghent list was the "Course de Chevaux de labour des Flandres," alias, the Waggon-horse Stakes. They might as well have started a lot of cows, and called it the Beef-stakes. Only one of the gentlemen rider

8

gave his name to the public—Mister Ferdinand Craeymeersch, who appeared in a nankeen jacket (apparently made out of an old blouse), and a spick-and-span new black cap; quite the dandy of the party. One gentleman had on his best dress-coat and gossamer hat ("the only summer wear"), and of course there was pretty thrashing, and larruping, and jostling and floundering, as to who *shouldn't be last.* Don't quarrel with me, gentle reader, for this phrase, and think I want to be witty. This "not wanting to be last" seems really to be the predominant feeling of a Low-country jockey's heart; for though he may have irretrievably lost the race, and as thoroughly saved his distance, he goes on licking and spurring and *whuishing* to the last. And what is "whuishing," you will ask. Pshaw! I never shall get on at this rate. Well, it's the last question I shall answer. You must know, then, that the Flemish jockies, not content with the ordinary implements of whip and spur, have recourse to another expedient to induce their tits to "get along,"—which is, to make 'em believe a skyrocket is going off just behind their tails,—at least such is my interpretation of the horrible rushing sound they emit from their teeth when in the last agonies of "making a rush." The nankeen jacket of Mister Ferdinand Craeymeersch had the honor of coming in first,—Lotte being the name of the horse through whose instrumentality this feat was happily accomplished. *Dobbin* and *Smiler* were not placed.

Next came the two-year-old stakes of 1,200 francs, which was won by *Palmire,* ("par Carthusian mare Emma"), belonging to M. Eng. Germanes, though the Count Duval de Beaulieu had two horses entered for the race. The last, and crack race of the day, was for the town plate (*prix municipal*), of 2,500 francs. This was open to "chevaux, de toutes races;" and four of the jockies were English, viz., John Arnold, Robert Radford, Harris, and Low.—*Vespertilio* ("par Reveller, out of Acaccia"), was the winner, ridden by Arnold, and *suivi de près,* by Low on *Taishteer.* The race was a good one, and put the worthy Belgians into excellent humor. I must say, for my own part, that I never spent a pleasanter or more amusing day in my life; though the consternation my friend and I excited when, on the occasion of a passing shower of rain, we mounted our English mackintoshes, was rather too much for our native modesty and made us take the earliest opportunity to smuggle 'em off again. When you are at Rome you *must* do as Rome does.

I ought to mention that there had been a previous day's racing on the Monday; but as I was not present on that day, I don't like to give my readers a second-hand account of the sport hashed up from the newspapers. This is only the second year of the Ghent meeting, and, spite of our impertinencies, it must be allowed they have done wonders. But there is enough yet to be done in the way of improvement. In the first place, they must get rid of the corners in their course, particularly that "shocking bad" one just before the run-in. Then they must send their waggon horses to the right about. Who the devil wants to see waggon horses trying their paces like thorough-bred racers?—*Speed* the plough, if you will; but don't *run away* with it. If national consideration require a prize for these animals, why not have a good sober ploughing match? I know that the worthy Gantoes expect their races to become one of the best on the continent. Their situation between their own capital and England, with an uninterrupted steam communication with both, so that horses sent from one or the other need scarcely set foot to ground in their transit from stable to stable, offers much by way of securing this pre-eminence; and it only remains with themselves by good subscriptions, and a judicious improvement of their ground, to realize those expectations which they so ardently indulge in, and to enjoy, in its purity, a sport which they so warmly admire.

London "New" Sporting Magazine.

WESTERN CHARACTERS—BOON.

Daniel Boon was born in the year 1746, in the State of Pennsylvania, near Bristol, on the right hand of the Delaware, twenty miles above Philadelphia.—While he was yet a boy, his father removed to Reading at the head-waters of the Schuylkill, and thence to the South Yadkin in North Carolina. The earliest development of Boon's boyhood was a fondness for adventure and the chase, numerous anecdotes are related of his daring exploits, while yet a mere child, in pursuit of the wild animals with which the new region of his father's adoption then abounded. In most of these adventures he was accompanied by the young son of an honest yeoman named Bryan, who resided in the immediate vicinity of his father's settlement. One of these incidents is of a character so novel, and it exercised so much influence over our hero's future life, that its outlines may not prove uninteresting.

The custom of hunting deer by torch light is one which was more frequent in the early history of the country than it now is. This sport is conducted by two individuals, one of whom bears a huge pine torch, the glare of which so bewilders the deer, that, while he is gazing at it, the other levels his rifle and shoots him between the eyes. Young Bryan, on the occasion of which we speak, bore the torch, and soon, at the preconcerted signal from Boon, he held it stationary before him, expecting instantly to hear the fatal crack of his comrade's rifle. After waiting several minutes, he advanced to ascertain the cause of delay, when he saw Boon drop his rifle suddenly, and, at the top of his speed, set off in pursuit of some invisible object over fence and field. The cause was this:—when Boon gave the signal, the flame of his friend's torch was reflected by a pair of large, lustrous orbs beaming from the forest, and, quick as thought, his rifle was brought to his shoulder and cocked; before it could be discharged, however, the supposed fawn, instead of standing dazzled by the glare to be shot, turned away its eyes and precipitately fled. By this movement, the torch gave Boon a glimpse of an object, which at once interested his ardent nature for pursuit; and, dropping his rifle, away he went after the game. So intense was his eagerness in the chase, that, when, at length, he found himself at the door of Mr. Bryan, having driven the fawn into the paternal embrace for protection, his astonishment was scarcely less than that of the father and daughter. The result of the chase was, that the young hunter, instead of taking captive the fancied fawn, was himself rather taken captive by the beautiful daughter of the farmer. No sooner had he looked upon the fair object of his chase, who had scarcely passed her sixteenth summer, and whose beautiful features, flushed with agitation and exercise, and palpitating bosom were half shrouded by her loose ringlets, than the young hunter was thoroughly *in love.* And the frightened maiden, too, when she discerned that it was not a panther by which she had been pursued to her father's arms, in no wise resented the ardor of the pursuit; and so, Miss Rebecca Bryan, in process of the usual number of months, became Mrs. Boon.

For some time after his marriage, Boon's roving propensities seem to have laid dormant; but they shortly revived, and, on the first of May, 1769, he resigned the quiet comfort of his home in the peaceful vale of the Yadkin, and, in company with five companions, only one of whom had ever before undertaken a similar expedition, he started for the region beyond the Alleghanies. In about one month the adventurers found themselves at the close of a day on the summit of an eminence, from which they looked down on the beautiful valley of the West, now gilded by the last rays of the declining sun. On exploring the country it was found to abound with buffalo and smaller game of every species, far exceeding in quality and quantity any thing ever dreamed of before. Around the salt-springs, which were numerous, flocked the deer and buffalo in droves; and, for months, the hunters slaughtered to their hearts' content. At length, one evening in the latter part of September, an adventure befell two of the party different from any they had yet encountered. Boon had been hunting all day with extraordinary success, with one companion, and, near sunset, they were ascending a high hill not far from the Kentucky river, when a horde of savages rushing out from the forest made both of them prisoners, and, plundering them of their game and clothing, closely pinioned their arms. To this confinement, Boon, with admirable policy, assumed a perfect indifference; and, inducing his companion to manifest the same, no attempt was made at escape for one week, and the captives marched quietly on beside their captors. By this conduct, even the vigilance of the savage was eluded, and, on the seventh night of their captivity, while the Indians were buried in slumber, Boon gently awoke his companion, and regaining their arms, they effected their escape undiscovered. Immediately repairing to their former encampment, they found it plundered and forsaken.—Their situation was now desolate enough. They were distant from the dwellings of civilized man hundreds of miles: they were destitute of provisions, clothing, and ammunition, and the forests around them were swarming with savages and wild beasts. By means of traps, however, they managed to obtain sustenance for some days, until, at length, on returning one evening from a hunting excursion to their cabin, who should they find there, but a brother of Boon, who, with a friend, had set out in search of the wanderer, and had accidentally discovered his encampment.

Not long after this "happy re-union" Boon's companion in captivity was retaken by the savages and slain. Disheartened by this occurrence, the friend of Boon's brother returned to the Yadkin, and our adventurer was again left in the wilderness with a single companion, though abundantly supplied with arms and ammunition. Winter now came on—a more comfortable cabin was built—game was abundant—the savages had departed, and the inclement season was passed in peace. The stock of ammunition, however, began to be exhausted as spring came on, and, early in the month of May, the brother of Boon started home for the purpose of procuring ammunition and salt, leaving to Daniel only a small supply of the former, and exposed to the numberless dangers arising from sickness and destitution, and attacks of the savages and beasts. The foot-prints of Indians he often found around his cabin, and this circumstance induced him to sleep at night in the forests—a precaution to which he attributed the preservation of his life. In this manner he lived on, until the return of his brother in the latter part of June, with all the necessaries of forest-life. Leaving their cabin, the brothers soon after made an excursion up the Cumberland river, exploring the country, and naming the streams they were forced to ford.

On the following March they returned to Carolina, and Boon made immediate preparations for removing his family to Kentucky. Having sold his farm, and induced five families to accompany him, they set out on the expedition on the 25th of September, 1778, and, as they journeyed on, they were joined by forty other adventurers from Powell's Valley. They pursued their journey in peace until the 10th of October, when they were attacked by a large body of savages, which, before it could be repulsed, had killed six of the party, among whom was Boon's eldest son. By this attack so many of the cattle were killed, that the caravan was forced to retreat forty miles to the nearest settlement to recruit. The enterprise was here abandoned by nearly all engaged in it, and Boon remained with his family until June, when he was engaged by Gov. Dunmore, of Virginia, to conduct a number of surveyors to the Falls of the Ohio. This journey of eight hundred miles on foot was performed in about two months; and on Boon's return, the Governor rewarded him with the command of three garrisons, which he bravely maintained during the whole of the contest at that period with the Shawnee Indians. In the spring of 1775 he attended a council of the Cherokee Indians, and purchased of them all their territory south of the Kentucky. Soon after he was employed to trace out a route for a road from the frontier settlements of Virginia to the country of his discovery; and, having gathered a body of enterprising men, he at once set out. The enterprise proceeded prosperously until the party approached to within fifteen miles of the spot on which the town of Boonsborough now stands, when the explorers were attacked by savages, and two of them were killed, and two others wounded. Three days after they were again assaulted, when two more were killed, and three wounded; but the Indians were repulsed so severely, that the party experienced no further molestation until they reached the Kentucky. Here Boon erected a fort, about sixty yards from the river, on the spot where now stands Boonsborough, and then returned to his family and removed them thither with no adventure of consequence. Mrs. Boon and her daughter were the first white women that ever came over the Alleghanies.

On the ensuing December the savages made a violent assault on the fort, and succeeded in killing one man, and wounding another, before they were repulsed. For seven months after this the savages made no attacks upon the settlers, and seemed, indeed, to have resigned all intention of troubling them further so completely, that even the females of the settlement made frequent excursions in the surrounding forests unprotected. One morning in June Boon's daughter, in company with two daughters of Col. Calloway, was strolling in this way carelessly through the forest in the vicinity of the fort, when they were pursued by savages, and captured before they could reach the gates. Immediately on his return from hunting, Boon was informed of the occurrence, and without delaying for his friends, at once pursued the trail of the Indians, that they might not have time to get beyond his pursuit. Following up the Indian trail, which the fair captives had made plainer by snapping the twigs in their route as they passed through them, and dropping shreds of their dress, Boon at length came up with the kidnappers, and, slaying two of them with his rifle, and putting the third to flight, recovered the prisoners.

During the whole of the ensuing year hostilities were continued; several simultaneous attacks were made on all the white settlements, and numbers were killed. In the months of July and August, 1777, accessions, amounting in all to one hundred and twenty-five men, from North Carolina and Virginia, arrived at the fort, and the whole force sallied forth daily, killing such numbers of the savages, that they were at length induced to become peaceable. In January of '78 Boon, with thirty men, commenced making salt at the Blue Licks, and enough was soon manufactured for the use of all the settlements. In the month of February, as he was hunting in the vicinity, he was surprised and taken prisoner by two Frenchmen and one hundred Indians, who, he soon learned, were marching to attack Boonsborough. An offer to capitulate was immediately made by Boon, and he, with his followers, twenty-seven in number, were carried to Old Chilicothe, then the principal Indian village on the Miami. The savages soon after started off with Boon and ten of his companions for Detroit, with the purpose of presenting him for ransom to Gov. Hamilton; but, meanwhile, they became so much attached to him, that they refused one hundred pounds sterling ransom, and, leaving the others, took him back to Chilicothe. According to the custom of the savages, he was now received into an Indian family, and became much beloved by his new parents and relatives. By manifesting perfect satisfaction with his situation, he was soon permitted to consult his own pleasure as to his movements, and he was beginning to meditate an escape from his captors, when he was astonished by the sudden appearance of four hundred warriors at Chilicothe, who he soon learned were on their march to attack Boonsborough. This circumstance accelerated his movements, and, starting before sunrise the next morning, June 16th, he escaped, and in four days reached the fort, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles; during this journey he ate but once. The fortress was immediately repaired and strengthened, and ten days afterwards, another prisoner escaping from the Indians, brought intelligence that the attack was delayed for three weeks on account of Boon's escape.

On the first of August Boon started with a detachment of about twenty men to surprise the Indian town on the Sciota, called Point Creek; but, when only four miles from the fort he was himself surprised by a band of forty Indians, who were on their march to attack Boonsborough. A desperate engagement ensued, but Boon with his party came off victorious and took all the baggage of the savages, together with several horses, without the loss of a man.—In about one week from this, the long-expected enemy appeared before the fortress of Boonsborough, consisting of four hundred and forty-four Indians and eleven Frenchmen—the whole force being under command of Capt. Duquesne. An immediate surrender of the fort was demanded, but, at Boon's request, two days for consideration were granted, during which time all the horses and cattle which could be gathered were brought within the walls from the surrounding region. At the expiration of the appointed time, the French commander was informed, that the fort would never be surrendered while it contained a man capable of using a rifle. A treaty was then proposed by Duquesne, to the articles of which Boon agreed, and with nine men issued from the fort to sign it. They were then told, that each individual to ratify the treaty must, according to a usage immemorial with the savages, shake hands with two of them simultaneously. This was reluctantly agreed to, and, as was apprehended, when the ceremony came to be performed, the Indians attempted, each couple to hold fast their man. But they had miscalculated the physical energy of the pioneers: each threw off with ease his two savages, and then rushed to the fort about fifty yards distant; they all reached it in safety, one of the party only being wounded by the shower of balls which pursued them. An attempt was next made to undermine the fortress, and a shaft was commenced at the water-mark of the Kentucky; but the design was discovered by Boon; a counter-mine was immediately undertaken; the scheme was relinquished, and on the 2d of June, after a siege of two weeks, the enemy retreated, with a loss of forty men, while that of the beleagured party had been but two; the numbers of the wounded were in the same disproportion.

During Boon's long captivity among the Shawnee Indians, his wife and family, supposing him dead, returned to the Yadkin. Thither he now pursued them; and, after an absence of two years, he again returned with them, accompanied by his brother, to Boonsborough. This brother was shortly after shot by the savages near the Licks, and Boon himself only escaped by rapid flight, after killing the dog which had been set on his trail.

During the Revolutionary war Boon was engaged in a series of most perilous enterprises, and in every expedition of danger was placed at the head. The defeat of the Northern Indians by Wayne, put an end to this life of warfare, and Boon again donned his hunting shirt, and with his knife and rifle plunged into the forests. But the flood of emigration began now to set westward, and soon the whole region of Kentucky was overflowed. In '92 the state became a member of the Union. Laws respecting land-titles in these regions had been enacted by Virginia; but Boon in his simplicity failed to comply with their requisitions, so that he soon found himself dispossessed by adventurers of the very soil, for which he had endured so much and contended so boldly, in the beautiful land of his discovery. At this time the region of the Missouri began to be explored, and it was described to Boon in such flattering colors, that he resolved once more to seek a new home. We find him, therefore, at the close of the last century, crossing the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri, and journeying westward, to pass the evening of his days and lay away his bones in those distant wilds. Being asked "*why* he had left that dear Kentucke, which he had discovered and won from the wild Indian, for the wilderness of Missouri?" his memorable reply betrays the leading feature of his character, the *primum mobile* of the man: "Too crowded! too crowded! I want elbow-room!"

At the period of Boon's arrival in 1789, the only form of government which existed in this distant region was that of the "Regulators," a sort of military or hunter's republic, the chief of which was styled *commandant.* To this office the old veteran was at once elected, and continued to exercise its rather arbitrary prerogatives, until, like his former home, the country had become subject to other laws, and other councils. He continued here to reside, however, until the death of his much-loved wife, partner of all his toils and adventures, in 1813, when he removed to the residence of his son, some miles in the interior. Here he discovered a large and productive salt-lick, long and profitably worked, and which still continues to bear his name and give celebrity to the surrounding country. To this lick was the old hunter accustomed to repair in his aged days, when his sinews were unequal to the chase, and lie in wait for the deer which frequented the spring. In this occupation and that of trapping beavers, he lived comfortably on until 1818, when, at the age of eighty-four, he calmly yielded up his adventurous spirit to its God. What an eventful life was that! How varied and wonderful its incidents! How numerous and pregnant its vicissitudes! How strange the varieties of natural character it developed! The name of Boon will never cease to be remembered, so long as this Western Valley remains the pride of a continent, and the beautiful streams of his discovery, roll on their teeming tribute to the ocean!

Louisville Literary News Letter.

Agricultural.

SUSPECTED GLANDERS.

May 31, 1839.

Dear Sir,—I entreat your advice respecting a case which has annoyed me not a little. A mare that has passed under my hands has been returned and declared by two veterinary surgeons to be glandered. She had a cold when the person to whom she is now returned bought her about fourteen months ago. The discharge from the nostril had not quite left her when he sold her again, eleven months afterwards. She has been getting nothing but straw, and, of course, is in bad condition, her coat staring, her breathing oppressed, and it seeming as if there was some obstruction in the nasal passages. The membrane of the nose was somewhat redder than usual, but there was no ulceration, although, at times, a watery discharge.

What is most remarkable, there is a constant discharge of every kind of masticated food on which she is fed, and if she is trotted smartly, although but a short distance, she discharges a considerable quantity of this, and sometimes, pieces as large as a common laxative ball. She seems very anxious to clear her nostrils, sneezing with might and main, and making the half-masticated food fly in all directions. She may, afterwards, be ridden all day without discharging any more; but when allowed to stand and eat, and on starting afterwards, she is as bad as ever. Otherwise she seems to be in perfect health—there is not the slightest heaving at her flanks, and, however hard she may be ridden, it makes no alteration.

Mr. Forbes told me that before he sold her he gave her a ball, and he thought she had swallowed it; but, about an hour afterwards, as they were leading her out, he saw the ball discharged from her nostril. I have given her a dose of physic, and am going to-day to see how the case is proceeding.

8 P.M.—I have seen the mare; she had just had a feed of bran and chaff, when I ordered her to be brought out of the stable. There is a constant discharge of watery fluid mixed with masticated food. It falls from the nostril drop after drop until she gets a ride, and then she clears herself of all of it. The submaxillary glands are not in the least enlarged, or adherent to the jaws.

You will much oblige me by favouring me with your opinion of this singular case.

REPLY.

The case which you mention is one of those which, you will recollect, I used to refer to in my lectures as likely to be mistaken for glanders, but which is quite distinct from that malady. It is connected with disease of some of the molar teeth, or the alveolar processes, or the velum palati. I have seen appearances very similar arising from the velum palati having been pierced in giving balls at the end of a sharp-pointed stick.

If you will carefully examine the mouth of this mare, you will find that there is somewhere an opening from it into the nose. I am unable to write with greater precision, as you have not mentioned whether the discharge is from one or both nostrils. You will, perhaps, be compelled to cast her before you can see and feel the parts properly; but of that you must judge. I am afraid that you will not be able to do much good, farther than to save the parties some trouble, or to prevent a law-suit—that, however, will be something. There can be little prospect of cure, as the orifice will have assumed a fistulous character, which will be kept up by the constant passage of the food. If there is a carious tooth or piece of bone, it must be removed, and, probably, the parts frequently cleaned with a syringe. I do not know of any other means of cure.

The Veterinarian W. D.

A SINGULAR DISEASE OF THE SPLEEN IN CATTLE.

BY MR. JAS. HAYES, OF ROCHDALE.

I send you some cases, and remarks thereon, of an affection in cattle similar to those related in the May number of "The Veterinarian," by Mr. Cartwright. I have, in the course of my practice, met with many cases which, from the similarity of their symptoms, and their effects being so much alike, I have been induced to believe proceeded from the same or from very similar causes. I have had the opportunity of making no fewer than six post-mortem examinations of these cases within the last year.

The general history is as follows:—The disease seems to appear at very indefinite periods—from one month, to seven months after parturition. The first thing observed by the cowherd is a rough and unkind appearance of the coat, but with no impairment of the appetite, and there is a little fulness of the abdomen on the left side. In the course of a day or two the secretion of milk lessens very much,—there is a painful stiffness in the animal's gait, with trembling and wambling of the hind-quarters, and projecting curvature of the spine. She is often voiding a black shining mucus from the anus, or, as Mr. Cartwright very aptly describes it, a "tarry matter." It seems in appearance to differ from tar only in not being quite so tenacious. In a day or two after this discharge has appeared the debility has fearfully increased,—she staggers and falls, and struggles hard to rise again,—fits now ensue, and in less than an hour after she fell she expires in the most violent convulsions.

Four cows belonged to a very respectable employer of mine, who keeps a considerable dairy. I was sent for to examine them after death, they having died before the cowherd was aware that anything of consequence was amiss with them. They stood in separate stalls, and some of them in separate buildings. Two of them had been lately purchased. On opening the abdomen, the rumen, the reticulum, and the maniplus, presented no unusual appearance; but the abomasum was filled with a fluid of the strangest description. It seemed as if a quantity of blood and bile and chyme and mucus was mixed together, exhaling an odour of the most fœtid character. The whole of the small intestines was filled with this strange compound; but here and there floated in it large clots of coagulated black blood. As we traced the different intestines, all this seemed to be more and more amalgamated together, until in the rectum, and a little way above it, the intestines were filled with "a black tarry matter."

The mucous membrane of the intestines was stained with this adhesive fluid, and, here and there, studded with patches of a blacker color. The mesentery was also covered with large patches of black blood—the lacteals were turgid almost to bursting, and, at the superior part of the mesentery, was a cyst or tumor containing a pint of blood of the same hue, and half coagulated. On carefully opening this tumor, I traced a canal or sinus, permeating the tissue of the mesentery, and terminating in a kind of ruptured opening into the duodenum, almost an inch and a half below the pyloric orifice of the abomasum. Every vessel in this portion of the mesentery was dilated.

The splenic vessels were equally enlarged. The spleen itself was considerably engorged and weighed more than fourteen pounds. There was a rupture on its upper surface, three inches in length, and which appeared as if it had existed several days. The abdominal muscles in this region, for several inches in diameter, were in a congested and blackened state, and this reaching quite through to the external integument. The other contents of the abdomen were apparently healthy.

The lungs were nearly white and bloodless, and so was the heart. The liquor pericardii was of a rather darker color than usual, and somewhat increased in quantity. The medulla spinalis contained no trace of disease except in the lumbar region, and there it was of a madder color. The brain exhibited no derangement, and, in short, with the exception of the lesions which I have described, and there being very little blood in the whole system, and bleeding evidently hastening the fatal termination, every organ seemed to be free from either acute or chronic disease.

I am inclined to believe that the spleen is the original seat of the evil, or there is some accidental bruise on the part of the abdomen opposite to the spleen. It is this only way that I can account for the discoloration of the muscles of the abdomen. This opinion was very much corroborated in a late case; for I found at the yard-gate the end of a rail projecting a few inches from the post. It was covered with hair, which exactly corresponded in color with that of the cow, and it was of precisely the same height of the apparently bruised part. I inquired about this, and one of the men said that another cow pushed this one, a few days before, with very considerable violence against the end of this rail, as she hurried through the gateway, which was very narrow. From some such accidental circumstance, the whole of these cases might have proceeded.

British Veterinarian.

Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots, which attracted the notice of some of his friends—"Now, guess," said he, "how I came by these boots!" Many probable guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan, "no—you've not hit it, nor ever will—I bought them and paid for them."

Pott's singular Dream.—On one occasion he had performed a complicated and dangerous operation. He had seen the patient three times during the day; and during the following night he dreamed that the assistant at the hospital had forgotten to administer a particular medicine that he had ordered, and from which he had anticipated much good effect. He could not remain easy whilst this impression was on his mind. He rose from his bed, dressed himself, and in the middle of the night, without disturbing any of the family, went to the hospital, gained admission, had the house-surgeon summoned to his side, in order to satisfy himself that his instructions had been punctually obeyed, to his great astonishment he found that the medicine had not been exhibited! Pott always declared that his dream had saved his patient's life.

Physic and Physicians.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ASHLAND, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 29th.
AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
CAMDEN, S. C. - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, Nov. 4.
CYNTHIANA, Ky.- - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
COLUMBIA S. C. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
CAMPBELL STATION,	Tenn. Fall Races, 1st Wednesday, 6th Nov.
COLUMBUS, Miss. - -	Hyde P rk Course, J. C. Fall Mee ing, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va.	Mulberry Course, J.C., F. Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 22
GREENSBORO', Ala.- -	Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
GALVESTON, Texas -	Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
HUNTSVILLE, Ala. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, Nov. 4.
HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss	A Meeting will be held during the Fall season.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
MACON, Ga. - - - - -	Central Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga.	Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 11th Nov.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
MAURY Co. Tenn. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, Oct. 21st.
NEW ORLEANS, La. -	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEW YORK CITY - -	Beacon Course, N. J., Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
NASHVILLE, N. C. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, Nov. 13.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - -	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Nov.
" "	Match, $500 a side, P.P., between the 2 yr. olds of Messrs. Bingaman and Raby, Nov. 11.
" "	Sweepstakes of seven subs. at $500 each, for 2 yr. olds, Nov. 12.
OXFORD, N. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
RAYMOND, Miss. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, about the 1st of Nov
" "	Match, $1000 a side, *Leesburg* vs. *Red Bone*, Wednesday, 30th Oct.
RALEIGH, N. C.- - -	State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
SELMA, Ala. - - - - -	Central Course, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
TRENTON, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.

SOUTH AFRICAN HUNTING.

On the left of the plain was a broad and winding belt of high trees and bushes, indicating the course of a river, the Chuntop, (or that which in running is suddenly checked): this entered a craggy opening in a flat range of mountains stretching across the plain to the north. The notch in the range where the wooded Chuntop disappeared, was the anxiously looked for Kopumnaas, or Bull's Mouth Pass—so named from its being full of dangers, like the valley of the Shadow of Death. I now girded up my loins for the chase, and I burned to slaughter some of the larger game, as much to feed my fifty followers, who ate at the rate of two sheep a day, as for mere sport. The people were divided into several parties, and we rode towards the foot of the mountains, where wild animals are always rifest. We were not long before we saw a cloud of dust, which proceeded from a large troop of wild horses; dismounting, and extending ourselves, we approached them under cover of the bushes—they took the alarm—started off—passed through between us—galloped backwards and forwards—halted and gazed—and three fell under our fire in the course of as many hours' hard exercise on foot. The moment the first, a full grown stallion, fell, and had stretched his powerful limbs on the plain, with the agonies of death in his eyes, half-a-dozen of the hunters collected around him; some of them brought dry sticks and made a fire; while the others cut him open, and taking the half-digested grass from his stomach, they squeezed the moisture from it into their mouths in the intensity of thirst; then cutting out the liver and roasting it, they made their breakfast of it; and lastly, fitted themselves with shoes from the warm hide. A troop of that most magnificent antelope, the koodoo, next occupied us for a little, but before we had time to secure any of them, we intercepted a dancing flock of springboks: and again, by sharp running and quick firing, three of them were also added to our larder. Our blood was now fairly up, and turning towards the mountain two large grey objects were seen, apparently disturbed by the "clattering of the musquets;" they ran a short distance among the bushes on the lower slopes, and then turned to look round them—these were two black and double horned rhinoceroses, covered with dried mud from the pools of the Chuntop, in which they had been wallowing. We approached these dangerous animals with some caution, crept upon them, and got two or three flying shots at them; but unless they are taken standing, with deliberate aim at the backbone, or behind the jaw, good balls are thrown away upon them; not that their hide, though more than an inch thick, is impenetrable in other places to lead and pewter bullets, (hard and heavy(, such as mine were, but because the rhinoceros runs away, with a bushel of balls fired through his ribs. In his side they seemed to make no more impression on him, at the time of receiving them, than so many peas would, though he may die from them afterwards. So our two first rhinoceroses, being continually on the move, escaped from us, though we tickled them roughly. The black rhinoceros, whose domains we seemed now to have invaded, resembles in general appearance an immense hog; twelve feet and a half long, and of the weight of half a dozen bullocks; its body is smooth, and there is no hair seen except at the tips of the ears, and the extremity of the tail. The horns of concreted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre, and the second resembling a flattened cone, stand on the nose and above the eye; in the young animals, the foremost is the longest, whilst in the old ones they are of equal length, namely, a foot and a half, or more; though the older the rhinoceros the shorter his horns, as they wear them by sharpening them against trees, and by rooting up the ground with them when in a passion. When the rhinoceros is quietly pursuing his way through his favorite glades of mimosa bushes (which his hooked upper lip enables him readily to seize, and his powerful grinders to masticate), his horns fixed loosely on his skin, make a clapping noise by striking one against the other; but on the approach of danger, if his quick ear and keen scent make him aware of the vicinity of the hunter, the head is quickly raised, and the horns stand stiff, and ready for combat, on his terrible front. The rhinoceros is often accompanied by a centinel to give him warning, a beautiful green-backed and blue-winged bird, about the size of a jay, which sits on one of its horns.

Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.

Right of Precedence.—A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were going to be hanged both together at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervor, the gay robber was attentive: and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But, forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer, when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, "Keep farther off, can't you?" "Sir," replied the sweep, "I won't keep off; *I have as much right to be here as you.*"

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; $300 entrance, $100 ft.; to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Rebecca by Arab.
4. Saml. J. Carter names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor.
5. L. J. Polk names ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney.
6. W. W. Gift names ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacolet.
7. Jef. Monks names ch. f. *Betsey Cheatham*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy.
8. S. Donnelson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Sir Hal.
9. Thos. Alderson names b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of the dam of Kenlock.
10. Also, names ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Glance by Wild Bill.
11. Geo. W. Cheatham names ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Arab. [oct 26]

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. GREAT WESTERN STAKE, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.
2. GREY EAGLE STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.
4. THE HOTEL STAKE, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P. P.; to name at the Post; the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.
5. GOLD STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup, value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.
6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub- $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841.
7. BREEDERS' PLATE, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club. [oct26]

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Eclipse Conrse*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th Dec., 1839, instead of the 1st Tuesday. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre* at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next.

Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to.

JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—

The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.

Also.—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.

Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21-1Ct*]

one save Mrs. Martyn—nor her, even, when we can get into the pit. Her hous

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 23th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Trufle, dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus Her dam by Highflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time, 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four, she had beaten him the week before over the Rocky Mount course, 3 mile heats, in four heats, running the last heat in 6m, but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey, the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol 6, p. 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. fooled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's O'possum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1. p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3 51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse.—Her produce—

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training.

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons. Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr, a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver-Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co, Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p. 570 No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam. Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f, 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15½ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia, dam of Anna Maria.

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzhorough, dam by Tenn. Oacar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c.

BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 18, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Oakland Course*, will in future commence on the 1st Tuesday in June, and the 2d Tuesday in Oct. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct25] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

TO TURFMEN.

SITUATION WANTED—As Rider and Trainer, by a lad coming seventeen, who rides from 100lbs. to 104lbs. He has had experience in Canada, and ridden several races there this year. A letter directed to C. P. at this office, will receive immediate attention. [oct26-1t*]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughou the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner.

JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting o 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS,
JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.

First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, $300.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200. $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $1000; if but one, $800, Three mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.

Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
THOMAS WADSWORTH, } *Proprietors.*

[oct5]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE, FOR OCTOBER.

THE 10th No. of this work was published on the 1st Oct., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

THE NEWEST TURN-OUT; on Steel by Dick, after F. O. Turner:
WOODCOCK SHOOTING; on Steel by Dick, after F. O. Turner.

CONTENTS:

To Readers and Correspondents, etc. 538
The Newest Turn-out; By the Editor 539
More Collineomania; By J. Cypress, Jr. 542
Crib-Biting; By Bracy Clark 547
The English and American Turf; By "Blood Horse" 550
How to Buy a Horse. No. IV. By an Amateur 557
Memoir of Lady Clifden: By "J. J." 564
A Week in the Woodlands; Day the Fifth; By "Frank Forester" 574
Turf Register 583

Stock of Patrick N Edgar, Esq.	page 583	Addition to the Stock of Wm. H. Tayloe, Esq. ... page 587
" L. P. Cheatham, Esq.	" 584	Revised Pedigree of Capt. Thomas Hoskins ... " "
" John Maxwell, Esq.	" 585	Pedigree of Albornoz ... " "
" John D. Tylee, Esq.	" "	
" Maj. William Jones	" 586	
" R. W. Ogden, Esq.	" 586	

Notes of the Month; By the Editor 588

Great Race at Norfolk	page 588	The New Yacht ... page 588
The Goodwood Cup	" "	Measurement of the Kendall Race Course ... " "
The Bloomsbury Trials	" "	

English Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at

Newmarket First Spring Meeting	page 13	Tavistock ... page 17
Abergavenny	" 15	Eglinton Park ... " 18
Barham Downs	" "	York Spring Meeting ... " 20
Bibury Meeting	" "	Newmarket Second Spring ... " "
The Hoo, Herts	" 16	Plymouth and Devonport ... " 21
Bath Spring Meeting	" "	Chester ... " "
Durham	" 17	Gorhambury ... " 24

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, October 5, 1839.

PUBLIC SALE.

ON Monday, the 28th of October instant, at 12 o'clock, at Windsor, near Hampstead, in King George county, Virginia, will be sold to the highest bidder, besides a variety of household furniture and agricultural implements of excellent quality, a very valuable stock of thorough-bred mares, fillies, and foals of the purest and most fashionable blood, selected and bred with the greatest care, gotten by Sir Charles, Rattler, John Richards, Autocrat, Cetus, and other distinguished stallions, from brood mares of the most approved families. Among the number, two yearling fillies by Cetus, out of very superior mares, and a three year old by Autocrat, out of the half sister of the famed Trumpator, are particularly deserving the attention of turfites and breeders. Several jacks, jennets, and foals of pure blood and tried qualities—a premium jack among the number.* About 50 head of pen cattle of superior quality, partaking largely of the Durham blood. A large flock of excellent sheep of the Bakewell, Merino, and Barbary breed. A number of good hogs, &c. Further particulars on the day of sale; also, full pedigrees of the horses. For part see American Turf Register, vol. 6, page 157. The stock will be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

A credit of six months, on approved endorsed notes, on all purchases above $50.

Oct. 7, 1839—[oct 19] BENJ. OGLE TAYLOE.

COLUMBUS FALL RACES.

THE Races over the *Hyde Park Course*, near Columbus, Miss., will commence the 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Four subs. and closed, viz.:

1. John H Walker names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
2. Wm. J. Horn names full brother to Highway.
3. James Clark names b f. by Tranby, dam by Medley.
4. David Conner names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Florizel.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

The above purses are free for any horse, mare or gelding in the United States, complying with the rules of the course.

Stables and litter furnished gratis by the Superintendent of the Jockey Club.

JAMES H. McCLUER, *Secretary.*

Columbus, Miss., Oct. 1, 1839—[oct19-3t]

NASHVILLE N. C. FALL RACES.

THE Races over the *Nashville Course* will commence on Wednesday, the 13th of Nov. next, and continue three days:—

First day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close in both, on Monday, the 11th Nov.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race to name and close as above, on the 11th Nov.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Three mile heats, ent. $20, subject to the usual discount.

Letters of entrance to be addressed to Proprietor, at Nashville, N. C.

Stables and litter furnished gratis.

JOHN S. ARRINGTON, *Proprietor.*

Nashville, N. C., Oct. 9, 1839 - [oct 19-4t]

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany.

WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE races over this Course will commence on the 29th day of October, being the week after the Trenton Races.

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds that never won a race at the time of entry, Mile heats, subscription $50 each, P. P. The Proprietors will give $50 to the second best, if more than three start. To name and close by the first day of October, and three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, of which $50 will be given to the second best.

Second day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, $25 forfeit; three or more to make a race, and the second best to draw one fourth of the stakes; to name and close by first day of October.

Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, of which $100 will be given to the second best.

Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats, of which $200 will be given to the second best.

And the Proprietors propose to the owners of Hornblower, Job, Fordham, and Wonder, or any three of them, that if they will enter into an inside stake of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, the purse shall be made, as to them, $1000, and the second best of them shall receive $250 extra.

Some Mile heat purses may be offered during the meeting, of which due notice will be given. All entries for Sweepstakes to be made by letter, directed to D. H. Branch, New York City. Entries for purses to be made by 1 o'clock, on the day preceding the race.

BY THE PROPRIETORS

New York, Sept. 3, 1839.—[sept 7]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

No. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf]

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday in February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida.

D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*

Marianna, Florida, Sept 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

CAMBRIDGE TROTTING PARK.

THE following purses will be trotted for over the above course, commencing Wednesday, November 6, 1839:—

First day—Purse $50, Mile heats, under the saddle, carrying 145lbs., for horses that never trotted for money; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance.

Same day—Purse $100, Two mile heats in harness, for horses that never won a purse over $100; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance; to carry 145lbs.

Second day—Purse $150, Two mile heats in harness; for horses that never won a purse over $150; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance; to carry 145lbs.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle, for pacing horses, free for all; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance; to carry 135lbs.

Third day—Purse $200, Four mile heats, under the saddle; to carry 145lbs.; free for all; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance.

Same day—Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness; free for all; three or more to make a race, carrying 145lbs.

All entries must be made by 12 o'clock on Monday, Nov. 4th, at the Repository of SAMUEL K. BAYLEY, corner of Milk and Devonshire streets, Boston. Entrance 10 per cent. [oc]0 1

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.
A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livington, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

June 23, 8139.—[jy 13]

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5
Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct
Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1t October

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma.
W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*

Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.
Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to
[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J .C

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Two or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq , Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild. | James Jackson. | Saml. Ragland. [oct5]

CHRIST REJECTED,

AT the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, near Niblo's.—This magnificent and well known picture, painted by the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.H., which was so much admired when publicly exhibited a few years since in the United States, where in four of the principal cities, it was visited by upwards of *one hundred thousand persons*, is once more offered to the notice of the citizens of New York, and this will probably be the last time they will have an opportunity of seeing this, the most celebrated production of modern times.

Admittance 25 cents. Descriptive Pamphlets, 12½ cents.
Open from 10 in the morning till 10 in the evening. [oct5]

AMERICAN
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus, Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; by Dick, after A. Cooper; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor; Memoir of Deception, by the Same; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter"; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor"; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow; "A." on Stallions; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B."; Notes of the Month; Sales of Blood Stock; New Race Courses; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839; Descriptions of the Courses; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses; Table of Abbreviation; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

The *Tenth Number*, for OCTOBER, was embellished with two very spirited and finely executed engravings on Steel; ARTAXERXES, by Dick, after Turner, and WOODCOCK SHOOTING, by the same artists.

Contents of No. X—More Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; The Newest Turn-Out, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Fifth, by Frank Forester; Memoir of Lady Clifden, by "J. J."; Crib-Biting, by Bracy Clark; How to Buy a horse, No. IV., by an Amateur; The English and American Turf, by "Blood Horse"; Turf Register; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

SWEEPSTAKES.—OPELOUSAS, LA.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the Belle View Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will probably take place the last week in October.

1. For 3 year olds, subscription $500, h. ft., Mile heats—to close September 1st.
2. For 3 year olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
3. For 2 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats—to close Sept. 1st
4. Post Stake—for horses of unmixed Creole blood, all ages, feather weights—sub. $150, P.P., Mile heats—to close October 1st. Horses from Spanish mares to be considered as Creoles.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to any of the above stakes, can do so by sending their nominations by mail, addressed to

[aug10.] Capt. D. S. PARRISH, Sec'y. pro tem, Opelousas, La.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Wherton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE races over the *Camden Course* will commence on Monday, the 4th Nov. next, and continue four days

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds (closed).
Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.

Fifty dollars will be given by the Club for a Sweepstake on each day, to be run for immediately after the main race.

[sept 21—6t] WM. KENNEDY, *Secretary.*

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*
J. B. TAYLOR, }

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.
2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.
3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)
4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.
5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.
6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.
7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.
8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.
9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.
13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip
14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.
15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].
16. *Pantinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.
17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.
18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.
19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)
20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.
21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).
22. Ch. h. 5 yrs, Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.
23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.
24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	R. K. Polk,	Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson,	Samuel Ragland,	E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,	George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland,	William H. Polk, by }	E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson,	Lucius J. Polk, }	James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie,	R. K. Polk,	Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,		

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard'

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of thei colts as early as possible, to June1 G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take plece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

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All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 26*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addressed S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

THEATRICAL.

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New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Oct. 26—A favorite Comedy, in which Mrs. FITZWILLIAM will appear.

MONDAY, Oct. 28—The public are respectfully informed that Mons. ALEXANDRE, has arrived, and will make his first appearance in America, in the Monopologue of the ROGUERIES OF NICHOLAS. TOM NODDY'S SECRET—ROGUERIES OF NICHOLAS—and THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29—Mrs. FITZWILLIAM has extended her engagement for two nights, prior to her departure for the South, and will appear this evening in the Farce of THE DEAD SHOT and IRISH WIDOW.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—2d night of Mons. ALEXANDRE.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Last night of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S engagement, prior to her departure for the South.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—3d night of the engagement of Mons. ALEXANDRE.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Oct. 26—For the benefit of Miss SHIRREFF, and the last night of the appearance of the Vocalists, on which occasion they will sustain the principal characters in GUSTAVUS THE THIRD, for the last time. To conclude with a Concert.

MONDAY, Oct. 28—Mr. CHARLES KEAN, who is engaged for a limited period, will make his appearance in HAMLET, with the Farce of a GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.

The Manager has great pleasure in stating that he has made arrangements with Mad. LECOMTE's company of celebrated Artists, who have just arrived from Paris. Mons. PETITPA, Ballet Master and 1st pantomimist; M'me LECOMTE, 1st dancer and do.; M'lle PAULINE DESJARDINS, 1st dancer and do; Mons. MARTIN, 1st dancer and do.; Mons. KAIFER, 1st dancer and do.; the celebrated KLISHNIG, 1st comic do. and do.; M'me KLISHNIG, 2d pantomimist; M'me MARTIN, do.; with a CORPS-DE-BALLET, who will make their first appearance on TUESDAY next, Oct. 29th, in the celebrated Ballet Pantomime, in 2 acts, entitled LE TARANTULE, being the last novelty produced at the Academie Royale, in Paris.

Mr. HILL is engaged for a very limited period, and will appear in two of his popular characters on Tuesday.

Mr. CHARLES KEAN will sustain one of his celebrated characters on Wednesday.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—What to say of "Old Drury" this week? That silly woman, Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, has cheated us out of any chance to be critical or severe to-day, by playing just as well as she could every night. They brought out Buckstone's comedy of "Single Life" on Monday, with a cast unequalled on this side of the Atlantic; can it be surpassed on the other? Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, Miss CUSHMAN, Mrs. VERNON, Mrs. CRESWICK, and Mrs. WHEATLEY, for the "female spinsters,"—PLACIDE, CHIPPENDALE, RICHINGS, WHEATLEY, and FISHER, for the bachelors; not another soul upon the stage! No other theatre in the land can cast a comedy like this.

The reader may be curious to know what we think of the comedy itself Were we to call it a failure, our language might be too strong, for when we say any one has failed, it means just what it says—failed entirely. But "Single Life" *did* fail to fulfil our anticipations. There is not plot enough to it; it is full of ludicrous situations, and contains some wit, but there is no "go along" to it, no climax,—the first scene is as good as the last. "Old Chip" made the *great* hit in it; he had a part that Placide could play, and would play, could they dispose of the "bashful bachelor" in any other way than by putting him into it. Mr. Chippendale did indeed do it great justice—crustier than pie-crust altogether.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam has sang a good number of songs this week that deserve especial notice; one is a mock Italian bravura, which the house cannot stand "any how"—it is encored before she can courtesy to the first burst of applause; but the little lady, with her big, intelligent eyes, has a way of "doing" the Park boys, which she must have learned of Vestris—when she fears an encore, she sings but half a song, and upon being called to repeat it, she sings the balance. This is all right, for we *do* task our singers too much—the splendor with which, at great effort, they execute any song, being considered a sufficient apology to make them repeat the exertion, when one solid round of approbation should alone be heard.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam plays two nights next week. Her extreme cleverness and her vivacity of spirits entitle her to good houses on each occasion. She took her first benefit in America last night. Would the reader know what the New Yorkers think of her? A back seat in the second tier was the best place that we of the "Spirit" could find, and we will sit there to hear no one save Mrs. Martyn—nor her, even, when we can get into the pit. Her house was at least $1100—*we* think—some editors would have called it $1400, at *another* house. She is a wonderful woman, and her *Manette* in "Mischief Making," is one of her best parts. It is in that part that she sings the great *bravura*, "Chatter, Chatter," &c. She is the "biggest little woman" we ever did see,—seriously she is inimitable. She was of course "called out" with every demonstration of enthusiasm and delight.

Monsieur ALEXANDRE, as he is known in the theatrical world (his name being Alexandre Vattemare), arrived early this week, and will appear on Monday next. He comes among us more reputably introduced than any professional gentleman heretofore, and curiosity is on tip-toe to witness performances which are celebrated throughout Europe for their cleverness. He is sure of *one* crowded house; if expectations be realized, of an engagement of good houses.

The National.—The production of "Gustavus III.," by AUBER, has been the great theatrical event at this house the past week. A brilliant audience assembled upon the first night to receive it, and the first two acts were much applauded. The music is brilliant and beautiful, and withal, simple. The finale to the second act will ever be a favorite with the town. The opera was cast with great strength. Miss SHIRREFF will carry it through triumphantly, if a character which suits her voice and person and style of acting can attract. She looks the *Page* exquisitely, and did the National occupy a more advantageous site, all the young men in town would flock thither to gaze upon her. Mr. WILSON has a character in *Gustavus* which suits him capitally; he plays it well.

Mr. SEGUIN, as *Captain Ankerstrom*, has some clever music, and his rich basso is admirably developed. Mrs. BAILEY, Mrs. HENRY WALLACK, and HORNCASTLE, are likewise in the cast of this opera, the whole comprising a vocal force which we have not often before heard at this house.

Much of the music of "Gustavus," and the most choice passages, too, have long been familiar to the town; the charm of novelty, therefore, has not aided the effect of this opera, nor do we think the music of that solid, elevating order which will insure it a firm and lasting hold upon the public. Yet has it many brilliant passages, which, when rendered as they are by Mr. Wallack's fine company, may make it occasionally attractive. Very much of the charm of the opera depends upon the instrumentation, which is the portion less excellently done at the National than the vocal music. In Europe this opera has been very often played, but there its success has not been achieved by the music, but by the famous ball scene in the last act. Gentlemen were then allowed to go on the stage from the boxes in that scene, and it is suspected that were such a liberty allowed here, any house would fill. And further, in Europe the scene is got up with the greatest magnificence, and is helped through by first-rate dancers. Mr. Wallack did all that the limits of his house would allow—he did more even than any one could have hoped, and the scene as the curtain drew up for the last act was extremely beautiful, and for a moment you forgot the size of the house. But the dances when we saw them were rather heavy, although our little Park favorites, Master and Miss WELLS, did more than we ever saw them do before. Miss Wells has already gained an enviable position in her profession; she has acquired much precision and firmness of movement in her starring tours. Let her wed herself to music—no dancing pleases when all is not perfect harmony, and to this care must she address all her efforts.

"Gustavus" has not drawn good houses, we regret to add. This has surprised no one more than ourselves; even the benefit of Mr. Seguin did not fill the house. The reason must be that it is too far up town, for such an opera, sung as it was, would surely draw immense houses, if in a theatre on the right spot.

Mr. Wilson's house disappointed us more than Seguin's, for he is esteemed more popular. The audience seemed slightly larger, but not large enough to compensate the efforts of the management, and reward Mr. Wilson.

Miss Shirreff takes a benefit to night; her beauty alone must win a house—she does look and play the Page delightfully, as we have said above. Sincerely do we hope that the theatre may be crowded from top to bottom.

Next Monday Mr. KEAN commences a second engagement. It is to be hoped that he has now entirely recovered health and voice, it will require less effort to fill the present than the old house. An opportunity will, therefore, be afforded to judge of him rightly and finally.

Next week Mde. LECOMTE opens here in a new ballet. Her husband has quite recently returned from Europe, whither he had proceeded to obtain a *corps da ballet*. This time we trust that the National *corps* may be composed of some other stuff than that over which Stephan presided. A variety of pretty ballets, well got up with pretty women and music, is sure to draw houses for a while; but it must not, as has often been said before, be relied upon as the staple of an evening's amusement for any length of time. Unite it with opera, and all will patronize it.

Of our esteemed favorites, the Park Operatic troupe, we have favorable tidings daily from Philadelphia. The "National Gazette" keeps us apprised of each night's appearance, and from this source we learn that "La Sonnambula" was brought out on Friday, the 18th inst., and that it was yet more favorably received than "Cinderella." The *Count Rodolpho* of GIUBELEI is extremely well mentioned, and Miss POOLE's *Liza* is pronounced the best yet heard upon the American stage. This troupe did not appear here in this opera, but will do so, we presume, early in their next engagement. We must hear "little Poole" in Liza, just to compare her with another favorite here, Mrs. BAILEY. Till now the part has not, indeed, been fairly dealt with on our stage.

But the opera in which this company have achieved their greatest success in Philadelphia, is that most magnificent of operas, "Fidelio." It was brought out to a great house on Monday last, and is pronounced by all the press entirely successful, so far as the merits of the company were concerned. The orchestra, it seems, was not competent to do it justice. The "Gazette," after a well written article upon the style of the music, thus speaks of its success at Philadelphia; the rest of the city press are decidedly warmer in their commendation of it—especially of that charming singer, Mrs. MARTYN.

This work, however it may delight the sentient or inquiring amateur, is not destined to become popular here, especially as the theatre wants of necessity the orchestral and choral means of a grand opera house. Its chief interest is essentially allied to the expression and detail of the orchestra, and unless that embrace some fifty or sixty instruments, justice is not done to its massive ideas, and contrasts of force and softness. Many, however, are strongly impressed with the music as given here, with its sobriety, darkness, and grandeur, without being able to recur to any particular points in it. It is not our intention to remark on its performance in detail. We will merely mention a few portions. The overture we could not apprehend properly, as the orchestra of such a house as the Chesnut-street Theatre must necessarily fall short of the instrumental power of a large and regularly sustained opera-house. Mrs. Martyn showed greater power in her scena than she has exhibited in any other character, and the attention and approbation of the audience were decided. Miss Poole was very interesting in her character. The bass solo of Mr. Giubelei was given with spirit and effect. This gentleman has the best voice and style of any English bass we have heard. If he was not applauded as he deserved to be, it was owing to the truly dramatic nature of the music, which had not the saliency and point which the audience generally could appreciate. We can say of Mr. Manvers, that without having the best voice, he has more intensity of feeling and expression than any English tenor that has been heard here. His recitative in the prison was, as far as intellectual expression went, beautiful, pathetic, and eloquent. Mr. Martyn, as the jailor, Rocco, had a just idea of his part. The finale of the opera deserves a remark in this hasty notice. It is truly magnificent, and has the remarkable *coup de fouet* of the author—like those which wind up his grand symphonies. Some inattention to stage effects and properties was remarkable. For example, the serious scene of digging a grave in the prison, with its murky music, was marred by a neglect of verisimilitude. An audience will not imagine flooring boards soft earth, especially when digging makes no impression. The music is of such a kind that its interest increases generally by repeated hearings, and is a subject for intelligent and critical attention.

The New Orleans "Camp Street" theatre has opened in the midst of the pestilence. Little apprehension is felt by the old Creoles, the fever has so far abated; but for raw hands from the North every possible caution will be requisite. Mr. GEO. BARRETT, the acting manager, left us quite recently to assume in person his arduous duties. We hear often of the various engagements entered into by him during his long summer residence in New York, but nothing of such moment has transpired as to call for remark. "Gent'eman George," as "the boys" call him, is the greatest card in the company. Gentlemen from New Orleans assure us that he plays *Gen. Dumas*, in the "Lady of Lyons," inimitably, and he has long been famed for light comedy parts.

It is curious to observe the *nonchalance* of the New Orleans press in writing theatricals in the midst of the desolation around them. The "Picayune" thus writes of a recent performance:

The two lively, laughter-exciting pieces of *Kate O'Brien* and the *Swiss Cottage* were performed last night at the Camp, and performed very creditably too. Sam Cowell, as *Sam*, in the first, was a very living gasometer of laughing gas. One of those livery coated customers, vulgarly called *sauspans*, whose duty it is to remove chairs, tables, &c., performed some of the *tallest* kind of walking we ever *did* see. His arms swung back and forward like a steam sawmill cutting pine wood, and his legs loomed out as if he endeavored to make every step measure an arpent.

Come, if you want to tie a weight round the neck of all recollections of yellow fever and its ravages, and wish to bury them in Lethe's stream, go to the theatre to night. You will laugh tho' you were as *grave* as an *undertaker*.

Ere this Mr. KEAN has concluded his engagement at Baltimore. The critics were somewhat divided as to his excellence. The principal difficulty seems to be a want of voice and physical power. No merit in the conception of a character can excuse the fault of not being audible. It is to be feared that Mr. Kean did not give himself sufficient repose, in his eagerness to stamp his fame with us, as at the head of the profession. Our climate would seem to be altogether unpropitious for vocalists, actors, and clergymen. In the present season we have had Mrs. Martyn, Manvers, and Kean, seriously ailing; last season Miss Shirreff suffered severely, while it is notorious how the clergymen of this country have every little while to desert their charge, to find relief from bronchytis in a more genial clime.

The VANDENHOFFS play next Monday at the "Holiday Street," Baltimore; we shall be curious to hear what they think in a sister city of a lady upon whose merits public opinion here was somewhat divided—not in the public prints, for but one side gave expression to their sentiments.

Mr. KEAN played at the "Holiday Street" theatre in Baltimore, with FORREST at the "Front-street." The benefit of the latter was crowded to excess; he was succeeded by Mr. SINCLAIR, in "Guy Mannering."

Yankee HILL has got through his Boston engagement, and is now at Philadelphia. He travels far and fast, though we regret to hear that his famous express did not get him into old "Bosting" soon enough to go on that evening.

Friend BALLS we last heard of at Louisville, but that was a while since. He played there during the great races, to the infinite delight of his manager and himself. For aught that we know, he may have since visited the Pawnee Indians, for we do not see his name in our exchange papers.

Mr. BROUGH has just left town for Boston, where he is to give a concert next week A friend told us that he was in great voice on Thursday night—would that we had been there. It takes something to beat him in a parlor.

RANGER is about town, quite well again, and ready for a start. It is uncertain how soon we shall have the pleasure of seeing him again at the Park—or rather, it is uncertain to us.

Mr. LENNOX, of the Cincinnati theatres, is playing at the Walnut-street theatre, Philadelphia. His line is eccentric comedy; a week ago he played *Balie Nicol Jarvie* to SINCLAIR's *Rob Roy*.

WEMYSS, as well as MAYWOOD, are said to be doing an indifferent business this season in Philadelphia. It is probably because they are compelled to take the money of the "monster," ten per cent. off for cash. Soberly—theatricals will not flourish this year on this soil. The theatres which alone will make money must be most favorably situated, and they are "few and far between." The reason of this is to be found in the excessive derangement of our currency, and the consequent extreme tightness of money.

The most melancholy catastrophe upon which it has been our lot to comment for many months, is the several flagrant attempts to destroy Mobile by fire. They have been too successful, although the germ of a proud city yet remains. The theatre occupied by LUDLOW & SMITH was consumed in the last fire; it is only last year that their former elegant establishment was burned down, and now the less convenient affair to which they were compelled to resort has likewise been lost. What the issue may be we cannot foretell; if disastrous to them, all will regret it, and none more than ourselves. But we have a thorough and abiding confidence in the energy and perseverance of Messrs. LUDLOW & SMITH, who have thus far in their career sustained themselves against obstacle and untoward accident with indomitable spirit.

THE VENTRILOQUIST AND THE PHRENOLOGIST.

Valentine, the ventriloquist, with an hour's amusement for his object, applied for a ticket at the door of a place where a phrenological lecture was to be delivered, and having obtained one, entered a well-constructed room, in which there were seats raised one above the other, and capable of containing about four hundred persons; while on the rostrum stood a table, upon which were placed several peculiarly-formed skulls, the nominal relics of some of the greatest scoundrels, fools, philanthropists, and statesmen, that ever had existence. The place was crowded, and when the appointed time had passed without the appearance of the professor, the audience began to manifest that respectable sort of impatience which develops itself in a gentle, timid tapping of sticks and umbrellas. The amount of intelligence displayed by the audience was truly striking; and as Valentine was able at a glance to perceive who were really phrenologists, and who really were not, by the mode in which their hair was arranged—for the phrenologists wore theirs entirely off their foreheads, in order that every bump which could be seen might be seen, while the anti-individuals suffered theirs to hang roughly, or, if it would curl, to curl accordingly upon their latent brows—he became extremely interested in speculating upon the extent to which the advocates of the science would be at once prepared to go. He had not, however, speculated long when a movement was made upon the rostrum—a movement which was palpably indicative of something. Every eye was of course directed most anxiously towards the door; and when the professor, who formed part of a solemn procession entered, the applause was exceedingly liberal and loud. The members of the committee then seated themselves at a most respectful distance on either side, and when the professor had recovered his self-possession, he coughed slightly, gave several peculiar a-hems! and then in sweet silvery tones said—"Ladies and Gentlemen—In speaking of the science of phrenology, the first consideration which suggests itself is, whether the external development of man's propensities and passions be the cause or the effect of those propensities and passions. Now, in order that I may illustrate clearly that such development is the effect, not the cause, I propose to direct your attention to the peculiar organization of the heads of certain well known characters, whose skulls I have here. Now," continued the learned professor, taking up a very singularly-formed skull in both hands, and looking at it very intently—"this is the head of Tim Thornhill, the murderer."

"The what!" cried Valentine, dexterously pitching his voice into the skull.

The startled professor dropped it on the instant; and as it rolled with peculiar indignation upon the rostrum, the audience simultaneously burst into a convulsive roar of laughter.

The professor at first did not laugh. By no means; he looked amazed, turned pale, very pale, and slightly trembled as he stared at the rolling skull. But when he had sufficiently recovered himself to know that all were laughing around him, he certainly made a lamentable effort to join them. And this gave him courage, for he proceeded to pick up the object of his amazement; but no sooner had he got his hand upon it again, than Valentine cried—"A murderer!" in a tone of great solemnity.

The professor again started back; but the laugh of the audience was neither so loud nor so general as before, seeing that many had been struck with the idea that there was something supernatural about it.

"This is strange, very strange—extraordinary!" said the professor, with great intensity of feeling—"very, very extraordinary."

"A murderer!" repeated Valentine, in a deeply reproachful tone, which of course seemed to proceed from the relic of Tim Thornhill.

The audience laughed no more. They did not even smile. They looked at each other with an expression of wonder, and felt that the skull was under some ghostly influence, while the learned professor, albeit by no means prone to superstition, was utterly lost in amazement.

"Is it possible!" thought he, "that this skull can be inhabited by the spirit of Tim Thornhill? Is it possible that that spirit can have spoken?" He was not prepared to say that it was impossible, and the assumption of its not being impossible generated the consideration of its probability, which, added to the evidence of his own ears, at length reduced the thing to a certainty, or something very like it. And this seemed to be the conclusion at which the members of the committee had arrived, for they looked extremely grave and altogether at a loss to give expression to their feelings on the subject.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the professor, after a very awful pause, during which it happened to strike him that he ought to say something. "I scarcely know how to address you. This occurrence is of so extraordinary a character, that I really don't know what to think. With a view to the promotion of science"—

"Ha!—ha!—ha!" cried Valentine, in a O Smithian tone, and at melo dramatic intervals, throwing his voice behind the professor, who started, but dared not look round, "Ha!—ha!—ha!" he repeated, making the voice appear to proceed from a much greater distance; and while the chairman, the professor, and the gentlemen of the committee had scarcely the power to breathe, the skulls on the table seemed to enjoy the thing exceedingly; for they really, in the imagination of all present, appeared to be grinning more decidedly than ever.

There is nothing in nature which startles men more than a noise for which they cannot account. However strongly strung may be their nerves; however slight may be the sound which they hear, if they cannot account for that sound, it at once chills their blood, and in spite of themselves sets their imagination on the rack. If the voice which apparently proceeded from that skull had reached the ear of a man when alone, the effect would have been infinitely more striking; inasmuch as, if pious, he would have looked for that protection for which we all think of looking when no other aid is near; while, if impious, he, with the greatest possible promptitude, would have exclaimed, "Why, the devil's in the skull," and run away. As in this case, however, there were nearly four hundred intellectual persons present, they stuck to each other for protection, and during the awful silence which for some time prevailed, the more reflecting began to reason themselves over the shock thus:—"Why what have we to fear? We never injured Tim Thornhill. He might have been a very ill-used man, but we never ill-used him; he might have been innocent of the crime for which he suffered, but we did not cause him to suffer. His spirit therefore cannot be angry with us, unless indeed it be a very unreasonable spirit. What then have we to fear?"

By virtue of this profound course of reasoning many recovered their self-possession, and as Valentine remained silent to enjoy the effect he had produced, he had time to reflect upon that moral weakness of which we are peculiarly the victims.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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